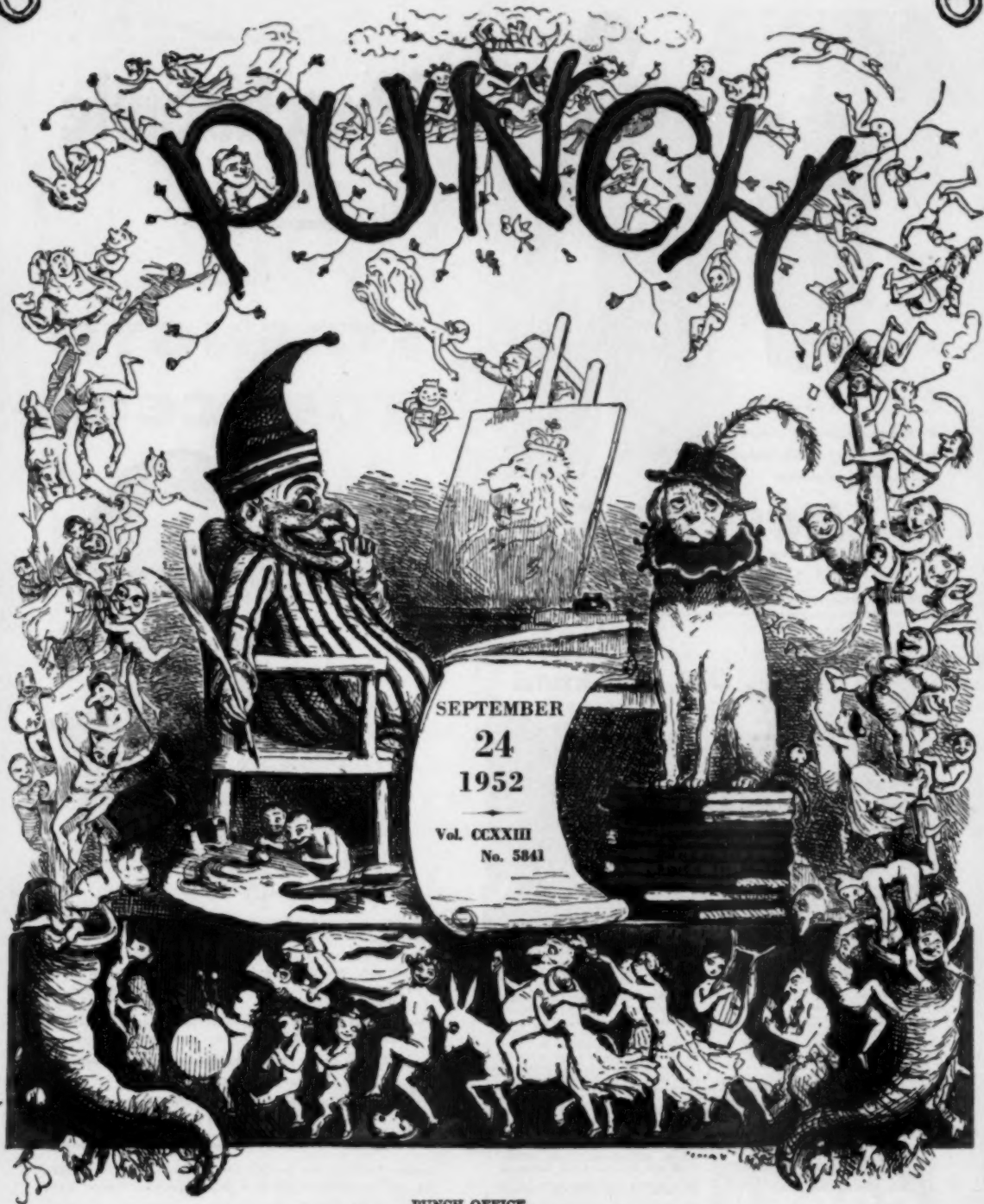


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24 1952

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



## Overcoats

We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

# MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2. Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES



## ...a King of England rode a winner at Newmarket?

ON OCTOBER 14TH, 1671, Charles II rode his horse 'Woodcock' at Newmarket against Mr. Elliot, gentleman of the Bedchamber on 'Platford'. The King lost, but two days later he rode against Mr. Elliot, Mr. Thin and the Duke of Monmouth for The Place and won. In 1674 he won The Place a second time. The King's success cannot be accounted for by the tact of his couriers for we have the authority of Sir Robert Carr that "His Majesty rode himself three horses and a courser, and won The Place—all four were hard and no'or ridden, and I dare assure you the King won by good horsemanship".

**A NOTABLE HORSEMAN** The King was indeed a notable horseman, for at the age of ten his riding master, the Duke of Newcastle, wrote of him "he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity to the admiration of all who beheld him".

Did you know that for over half a century the House of Cope has provided an unrivalled service for sportsmen, based on courtesy, integrity and dependability. Write NOW for our illustrated brochure.

**NO LIMIT • ALL POSTAGE PAID**

Sets by Telephone, Letter and Telegram

YOU CAN DEPEND ON  
**COPE'S**  
The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

SAVING COPE Ltd., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

# Punchbowl

## THE FULL STRENGTH TOBACCO



"It may interest you to know that as a heavy pipe-smoker I have smoked Punchbowl for something like 10 years.

Sometimes I have thought I would like a different tobacco for a change, and on these grounds I have tried some eight or ten brands, but there is no other tobacco that I can smoke, day in day out, as I can Punchbowl.

Other tobaccos are nice for a change, but always I go back to Punchbowl thinking what a fool I was to change."

also in two other strengths  
**PARSONS PLEASURE** mild • **BARNEYS** medium  
each at 4/5d. the ounce

Smokers overseas can arrange for regular personal despatches. Ex-bound and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands.

John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle upon Tyne, England

(331) (1)



## ULSTER FARM

**A** PROGRESSIVE dairy farmer in Ulster who wanted to improve his grassland asked I.C.I. how modern methods of grassland management could best be applied to his farm. Accordingly the local representative of I.C.I.'s agricultural technical service visited the farm and a grassland development programme was planned and put into operation. Its object was to grow more grass — grass for grazing, and grass to make hay and silage for winter feeding. Over a period of 4 years the use of fertilisers was stepped up progressively from 5 cwt. per acre to 9 cwt. per acre,

and from April to October grazing was carefully rationed by means of electrically charged fences moved twice a day. The effects of these methods were far reaching. The amount of silage made on the farm increased from 85 tons in 1947 to 450 tons in 1950; consumption of bought feeding-stuffs was halved, and the farmer was able to add to the numbers of his dairy herd every year.

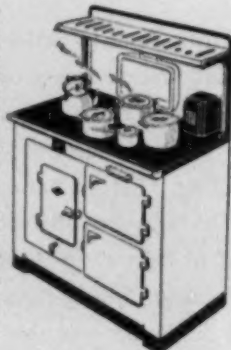
As a result, milk production rose steadily from 223 gallons per acre in 1946 to 344 gallons per acre in 1951. Dairy farms in many parts of the United Kingdom are now successfully applying similar methods.



# More housekeeping money *and* Less housework!

... reads rather like a fiery resolution at an angry housewives' meeting, doesn't it? In these days, though, surely that's exactly what we do want. Struggling with shortage of money and shortage of fuel, a little extra cash and a little extra leisure would seem like paradise.

Do you know that anyone really can have these things, and many other blessings besides, with a modern ESSE heat storage cooker in the kitchen? It doesn't cost money, it saves money! Your initial outlay (and you can even get an ESSE on terms) is soon covered with the almost unbelievable fuel savings, and, after that, it's saving all the way — MONEY SAVING with ESSE outstanding fuel economy, TIME SAVING with 24-hour cooking and hot water service from one fire, LABOUR SAVING a dozen different ways.

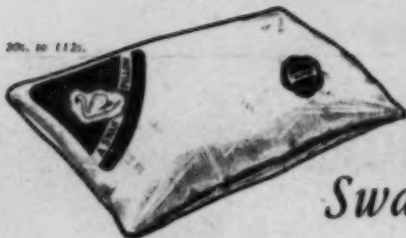


Yes! Life's easier when an ESSE helps you make ends meet. 2-oven ESSE Fairy with boiler requires an investment of £86.17.9. Without boiler £75.6.9 or monthly terms. Plasterack and back panel extra. Write for colour catalogue of all domestic models and nearest distributor's address.



The ESSE COOKER Company  
Prop.: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. (Est. 1854)  
Bonnybridge, Scotland  
London: 63 Conduit Street, W.1  
and at Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin

20s. 6d. 112s.



Swan

two names for fine pillows

£6. 15. 9 to £10  
the Pair

Ariel

Both made by Fogarty's of Boston, Lincs — the Pillow Pioneers — who would be happy to send you details.

## There is only ONE CHUNKY MARMALADE

It is a product of St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd., and the brand name CHUNCKY is registered.

St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter sweet taste of CHUNCKY. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning.

● CHUNCKY and all St. Martin preserves can now be obtained in "after-use" preserving jars (2-lb. size).



St. Martin  
PRESERVING CO. LTD.

MAIDENHEAD • ELY • NEWCASTLE • HORSTED KEYNES • BALLYMONEY



at  
**Jacqmar**

NOW

The new Brocades  
Wild silk Chiffons  
Velvet embossed Nylon  
Shaggy suitings

and of course the famous  
tweeds and worsteds

**Jacqmar**

16 Grosvenor Street W.1

*Fit for a Queen!*



*See that your writing paper  
bears the watermark:*

**SPICERS**



*'This lovely  
light...'*

Nothing else can equal the diaphanous beauty of flowers displayed on a R.E.A.L. Plinth. This lovely light, flowing softly upwards, reveals the delicate charm of each petal and adds a mysterious glory to the foliage. This Plinth has a classical dignity of design. It is beautifully finished in a choice of soft pastel shades, gilt lustre or eggshell black. Mounted on rubber feet to prevent damage to furniture, it is fitted with a porcelain lamp-holder and three yards of flexible cord. The diffusing glass is strong enough to carry any vase or bowl.

The  
**R.E.A.L.  
Plinth Light**

**40%.**

Tax paid, from most good electrical stores.

If you don't know all about Plinth Lighting,  
please write for your free copy of . . .  
"New Light on Flora".

Rowlands Electrical Accessories Ltd., (Dept. 7) R.E.A.L. Works, Birmingham, 18



.... sweet interlude

How time flies! No sooner do

I break the seal on a box of these

wonderful . . . . . no, . . . . . ecstatic

Regency Candies than one heavenly mouthful leads to another

and another and another

other and before I know where I am . . .

sorry darling I *did* mean to save you one!

.... But look! There's another layer!

CLARNICO  
**Regency**  
CANDIES

CLARNICO LIMITED  
VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.





One word  
sums up this  
Sherry—  
it is . . . good

"IDEAL" is one of the distinguished family of sherries that bear the name of Marques del Real Tesoro. It is shipped from Jerez de la Frontera in the heart of the sherry district—we give you our word, this sherry is good.



**MARQUES DEL  
REAL TESORO SHERRY**

**"IDÉAL"**  
FINO AMONTILLADO

Sole Importers: C. H. Tapp & Co. Ltd.



**SEE all . . . HEAR all**

The famous G.E.C. initials are a guarantee of great technical skill and sound built-in craftsmanship. Ask your approved G.E.C. dealer to demonstrate the fine qualities of this 12" table set, BT5146 at 69 gns. tax paid.

**SAY**

**G.E.C.**

**TELEVISION AND RADIO**

— You can depend on it!

The General Electric Co. Ltd.

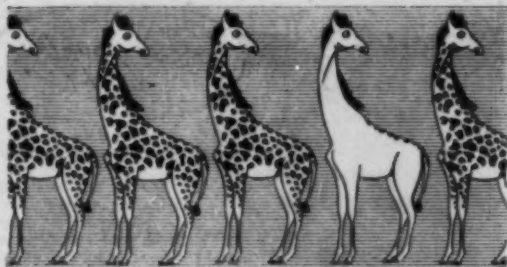
*for sterling quality  
—Scottish Widows'  
of course.*



THE HALL MARK OF  
STERLING QUALITY IN  
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

**SCOTTISH WIDOWS'  
FUND**

Head Office:  
9 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 1  
London Offices:  
28 Cornhill, E.C.3 27 Waterloo Place, S.W.1



... but EVERY copy's perfect

on the

**Banda**

**'MASTER' DUPLICATOR**



BLOCK & ANDERSON LTD, 58-60 KENSINGTON  
CHURCH STREET, LONDON, W.8 WESTERN 2531



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

*Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their Super Virginia Cigarettes are available on the world's most famous liners, including the following great ships:—*

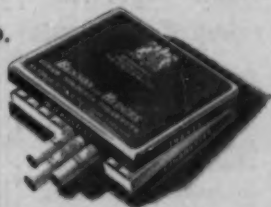
QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY  
UNITED STATES • AMERICA • LIBERTÉ  
ILE DE FRANCE • PARAGUAY STAR  
EMPERESS OF SCOTLAND  
EMPERESS OF CANADA • EMPERESS OF FRANCE  
CARONIA • MAURETANIA • GOTHIC  
SAMARIA • ORONSAY • ORION • ORONTES  
ORMONDE • ORCADES • OTRANTO  
HIMALAYA • STRATHMORE • CHUSAN  
MALOJA • ALCANTARA • ANDES  
HIGHLAND BRIGADE  
HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN • HIGHLAND MONARCH  
HIGHLAND PRINCESS  
DOMINION MONARCH • CORINTHIC  
EDINBURGH CASTLE • STIRLING CASTLE  
WINCHESTER CASTLE • CAPE TOWN CASTLE  
BLOEMFONTEIN CASTLE • DURBAN CASTLE

Those who travel widely, for business or for pleasure, must have observed how frequently **BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, are called for to distinguish any special occasion when only the best will do.



BY APPOINTMENT  
TOBACCONISTS TO  
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

*When only the best will do*



BENSON & HEDGES LTD. • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W.

DDV 125



*Made for halcyon days*

When boaters bedecked the Thames, the Edwardian reserved his unstinted approval for perfection and nothing less. In that fastidious age Straight Cut won their good name. Today they are still blended to add to life's most pleasurable moments.

**LAMBERT & BUTLER  
STRAIGHT CUT**

*Cigarettes 20 for 3/11*

BY LAMBERT & BUTLER OF DRURY LANE  
*Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.*

SC49

The  
Shirts  
of the  
well-dressed  
are made by



**T. Mewin & Sons Ltd.**

103 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

ESTD. 1898. (Only Address) Tel. W110441 6291

SHIRTMAKERS & TAILORS — SPECIALISTS IN CLUB COLOURS

**BANKS  
INSURANCE  
COMPANIES  
INVESTMENT  
TRUST  
COMPANIES**

The investor can obtain a well-diversified interest spread over the stocks and shares of these financial institutions through the medium of the

**Bank Insurance  
Trust Corporation  
Group of Unit Trusts**

For full particulars, including prices of Units and their yields, apply through your stock-broker, banker, solicitor or accountant, or direct to the Managers of the Trusts:—

BANK INSURANCE TRUST CORPN.  
LTD  
THIRTY CORNHILL  
LONDON, E.C.3

**WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S  
DRY SACK**



*The  
World Famous  
Sherry*

PRODUCE OF SPAIN

**Tenova  
socks  
stay up**

*THE COMFORT'S  
IN THE CUT-OUT*

The latex band at the top keeps them up — the cut-out keeps them comfortable.

from 7/6

Nylon reinforced.



From Austin Reed and all good shops for men



## a jump ahead

There is great satisfaction and  
often profit in always being a jump  
ahead of your competitors . . .  
but how about insulation?

The high efficiency of  
Darlington 85% Magnesia coverings  
will enable you to keep  
a jump ahead in fuel saving  
— our technical division  
would like to show

you how to save  
up to 90% of  
waste heat.



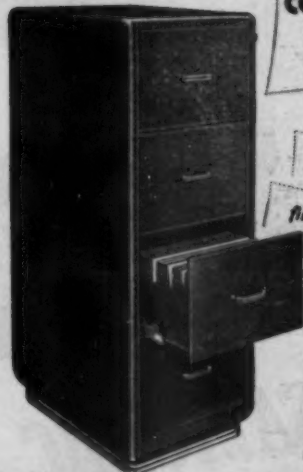
### DARLINGTON 85% MAGNESIA Insulation

Manufacturers:  
**THE CHEMICAL & INSULATING CO. LTD.  
DARLINGTON**

Insulation Contractors:  
**THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD.  
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE**

Sheet Metal Fabricators:  
**S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LIMITED  
TEAM VALLEY, GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE**

### steel for durability



... plus  
**CONSTRUCTORS**  
*Craftsmanship*

for efficiency

balance and

fine finish

The drawers of this cabinet  
glide quietly and do not  
rebound. It is part of a suite—  
distinguished for its pleasing  
symmetry, and designed for  
those who look for 'character'  
in their equipment.

Please write for Catalogue P.740.

## CONSTRUCTORS

Regd. Trade Mark

**STEEL EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICE AND FACTORY**

Issued by Constructors Group, Tyburn Road, Birmingham, 24. Tel: BRDingdon 1616.  
London Office: 98 Park Lane, W.1. Tel: GROvernor 5656. MAYfair 3876.  
A 20 at Manchester and Leeds.



## Is Brass a pain in the neck to YOU?

talk to

Write for your  
copy of "Ingots," a  
booklet about non-  
ferrous metals.

## Chalmers about BRASS ingots

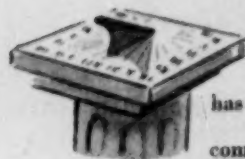
The lady on the left displays one  
of the less common applications  
of brass in everyday life. We  
doubt the comfort of her collar  
and wonder if brass causes you  
trouble in the same region. We  
are not, by the way, bespoke  
tailors to the Giraffe Women of  
Burma, but manufacturers of  
non-ferrous metal ingots, in-  
cluding brass for use in the  
foundry. So if brass is bothering  
you, and you want some advice,  
well . . .

also Gunmetal, Phosphor Bronze and Manganese Bronze Ingots  
**S. CHALMERS AND COMPANY LIMITED**  
NEWHAVEN ROAD, LEITH, EDINBURGH, 6. TEL. 36611  
AND AT GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM AND NEWCASTLE

Dog



"As good as a  
watch by BAUME"



As a gift to a friend the  
soundness and sureness  
of a BAUME watch  
has the merit of a valuable  
compliment. As a present

to yourself it confirms you as a man who  
knows how to choose from the best.

**Baume & Co. Ltd.**

Watchmakers since 1834

LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS



Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars

**MACANUDO**



**PUNCH**



The same fine quality  
Havana wrappers are used  
for both brands of cigars.

**Heads of State**



**and heads ahead**

**of most wear hats by...**

**Lincoln Bennett**



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street), and from  
the best men's shops everywhere. Prices from 50/6d.

*A*  
**SUPERB BRANDY**

*Known and enjoyed  
by Connoisseurs  
for more than a Century*

Also available — these  
Rare old Liqueur Brandy  
Fine Champagne  
50 years old  
Grande Champagne 1900  
Fine Champagne  
75 years old  
Grande Fine Champagne  
Res. Emp. Over a Century



**SALIGNAC**  
*Cognac*

**NOW OBTAINABLE LOCALLY**

Sole Agents for Great Britain: B. S. HASON & CO. LTD., 64-6 Temple St., LONDON, E.C.1 and HULL.



The instinct warns of the split-second when the corner of the net will be unguarded. Off spring-heels the body becomes a balanced jack-in-the-box. The head twists. The forehead flicks the bullet-swift ball away at the perfect acute angle. ***It all adds up to*** two points for the home side.

### LEAGUE PLAY

The companies of AEI are a league formation. They are a strong and lively group. Their young industry has risen rapidly into the ranks of the traditional giants. Sharing their knowledge, their experience and their resources, the companies of Associated Electrical Industries put forth co-ordinated effort for the common good.

These are the companies of A.E.I.  
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co Ltd  
The British Thomson-Houston Co Ltd  
The Edison Swan Electric Co Ltd  
Ferguson Patin Ltd  
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co Ltd  
International Refrigerator Co Ltd  
Newton Victor Ltd  
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd  
Synwite Controls Ltd

***it all adds up to***

**AEI**

Associated Electrical Industries



## Consoling thought

The whole business of going out to dine is fraught with problems. Is it black ties or white? Where on earth have the dress studs got to? Should one walk and risk being late or take a cab and perhaps arrive too early?

Thank goodness there's always the consoling thought that your

new dress trousers are fitted with 'Lightning' zips—quick, convenient and safe, and now as familiar in their new role as for less formal uses.

**LIGHTNING**  
the reliable zip

LIGHTNING FASTENERS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM

L.F. 91

(A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)



## It's a dream to drive



The power-to-weight ratio of the Wolseley "Four Fifty" is just right, so you get the utmost benefit from the independent front suspension.

Your seating position, with adjustable wheel and Dunlopillo seat, is perfect; your vision the widest possible. The freshness of the atmosphere is maintained by a system of ventilation akin to air-conditioning. Drive this car hard all day and you may step out as fresh as when you started. That means a lot to a busy man. The "Four Fifty" is a very happy and sensible choice.

The Wolseley "Four Fifty."  
There is also the "Six Eighty."

# WOLSELEY



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1  
London Showrooms: Embrace Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1



## minutes per man hour . . .

Too many businesses suffer from three way time losses . . . time lost through late starting of day or shift; time lost through early knocking off for breaks or leaving and time lost by workers trying to find out what o'clock it is. T.R. Time Control reduces such losses and extracts more productive minutes from every man hour. It improves works relationships and gives Management essential wages and job costing statistics—all especially vital to industry today.

Today's need for maximum output has so increased demand for T.R. Service—Time Control, Internal Telephones, Staff Location and Internal Broadcasting—that new installations can now be undertaken only in organisations engaged upon work of National Importance.



**SERVICE**

*speeds production*

An Enterprise of Telephone Rentals Limited—  
Head Office, Kent House, Rutland Gardens, London, S.W.7

H.F.261





for men of action



quiet, perfect grooming

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men

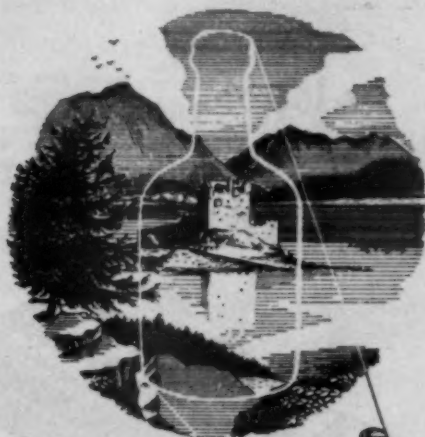
*Toothbrush Cologne	5/- & 8/4
After Shave Powder	0/4
Scalp Stimulant	0/4
Hair Dressing	0/4
Brilliantine	5/- & 8/4
Leather Shaving Cream	3/-
Men's Soap	3/-

\*Three Musketeers—After Shave Lotion with other Scalp Stimulant and Hair Dressing—Scalp Stimulant and \*Toothbrush Cologne—Brilliantine and After Shave Powder 25/-

For men who know and value the calm assurance given by perfect grooming—who enjoy the classic luxury of being "well-barbered". The invigorating tingle of after-shave lotion, in handy-grip flacon 5/- & 8/4

for men by *Lenthéric*

PARIS • 17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 NEW YORK



This royal Scottish liqueur - prepared from the personal recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie - is appreciated by connoisseurs throughout the world.



**Drambuie**

The Drambuie Liqueur Co., Ltd., Edinburgh.



At first glance this may suggest to you some ancient form of torture but it is in fact the famous Lillywhite 'Esher' Scrummager which has helped to train so many famous Rugby Clubs. Whatever your particular sport, you will find the best equipment in the world for it at . . .

*Lillywhites*

OF POSSIBLY CHICHESTER AND BOURNEMOUTH

Specialists in Sports Equipment and Clothing

Feel famous<sup>★</sup>  
in a **GRENFELL**



★ Originally produced for Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, Grenfell Cloth has been chosen by the world's greatest explorers and most famous sportsmen ever since. It combines lightness and comfort with excellent climatic protection.



... RAINCOATS, GOLF JACKETS, SPORTSWEAR

HAYTHORNTHWAY & SONS, LTD., LODGE MILL, BURNLEY, LANC.

## DERBY BAGS WON'T SPLIT ON THEM!



**F**OOD for the British expedition to Greenland is being dropped — without parachutes — from low-flying aircraft.

Bags that will take that kind of punishment without splitting have to be a good deal tougher than your ordinary sack! These bags are the toughest there are: Derby Bags, developed and made by Jute Industries.

Derby Bags have woven side-seams; the warp threads form the width of the bag; and for extra strength they are doubled at the point of greatest strain — 9-12 inches from the bottom. Yet Derby Bags can be lighter than ordinary bags.

### WHAT'S IN A BAG?

What you call a sack may well be called a bag by those who use it. But by any name it's probably made of jute.

And not only sacks. When you talk of hessian (or scrim) you talk of jute. When you buy linoleum you buy jute (it's on the back). Carpets contain jute. Tarpaulins are made of it.

Pretty versatile stuff, jute. And pretty indispensable.



BRITAIN'S LARGEST MAKERS OF JUTE GOODS

MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS, DUNDEE

## Wetherdair Olympix

THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

It is cut full throughout. The collar sets naturally in position without pulling and tugging. Sleeves allow the arms to be raised without the coat riding up. Handsome lines. A man's coat, particularly the man who likes his comfort. Price about £15. 15. 0.



WET WETHER WETHERDAIR

There are also Wetherdair Weather Coats from £4. 19. 6.

Fashion Weather Coats in popular colours for ladies.

Also School Coats for kiddies:

WETHERDAIR LTD

BRADFORD AND LONDON

\* a lot of  
lather.. in a little  
**INGRAM**

Ingram gives you a quick, comfortable shave—followed by a reassuring, menthol-cool freshness. Why? Because Ingram shaving cream combines its own face lotion. Try a tube tomorrow! You'll like the plentiful Ingram lather and the generous tube.



*combines its  
own face lotion*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

58/2/7



There's always a vacancy for a Double Diamond when things seem a bit empty. It works overtime to restore flagging morale, and puts a little more drive into life. An input of Double Diamond doubles your output of good cheer!

## A DOUBLE DIAMOND works wonders



IND COOPE'S DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON





— they have such a good name



## Banking with Barclays

In Barclays we have always decentralised our work as much as possible; our Local Head Office system keeps your banking matters in the hands of men who know and understand your problems. In the same way the specialised work of our Trustee Department is handled through more than thirty branches in various parts of the country, including one recently opened at 1 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Your local manager will be glad to tell you of the work of this Department and how it can be of help to you.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED



To Paris  
for as little as  
£9.15 RETURN!



NEW CHEAP RETURN FARES

Ask your Travel Agent about them

*fly* **BEA**

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



SECRETS OF  
**BOLS** LIQUEURS.

A distillate of finest  
Dutch caraway seeds,  
a digestive quite exceptional...

... that's Bolskummel. It is not surprising that the caraway seeds (and other rare herbs) from which it is distilled were once used to pay taxes, for such intriguing flavour and inviting aroma are the birthright only of a liqueur born to high estate. They are in fact the characteristics of a delectable digestive the extra dry quality of which is based on a centuries-old secret.

**BOLSKUMMEL**

\* The House of Bols was founded in Amsterdam in 1873 — over thirty years before Remy Martin was born.  
Other Bols liqueurs include Apricot Bols,  
Cherry Bols and Dry Orange Curaçao.





Super Priority for the R.A.F.

## Hawker Hunter

*... world's finest fighter aircraft*

A great production effort is now being launched at Hawker Siddeley Group to speed into squadron service with the R.A.F. the graceful Hawker Hunter, world's finest fighter aircraft. Besides a maximum drive at Hawker's Kingston factory, an entirely new plant at Squire's Gate, Blackpool is also to build this super priority day interceptor. Extensive sub-contracting throughout the Group will also speed the day when Hunter squadrons fly over Britain's skies.

Such co-operation between member companies is typical of the smooth integration of Hawker Siddeley Group's organisation. Largest of its kind in the world, this great industrial commonwealth now employs its mighty resources, by day and night, in building the defensive strength of the Free World.

## Hawker Siddeley Group

PIONEER... AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION



Group Head Office: 18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1  
A. V. ROE, GLOSTER, ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH, HAWKER,  
AVRO CANADA, ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY, HAWKLEY, BROCKWORTH  
ENGINEERING, AIR SERVICE TRAINING AND HIGH DUTY ALLOYS



**T**HE London waiter who was fined forty shillings for driving his car without due care can't think how he failed to hold his hand out.

baby-sitter—is dear old Harry's New York Bar. ("Just tell the taxi-driver 'Sank Roo Doe Noo'.")

The struggles of a weekly journal to keep abreast of day-to-day events are stern, unremitting and susceptible to change. In reporting, therefore, the claim by the Chinese Nationalist Consul-General in Johannesburg that alcohol was discovered by the Chinese people, we are simply gambling on getting into print before the inevitable Tass News Agency refutation.

"Two Thousand Doctors Stick to their Street"—Headline in the *New Chronicle*

This may hurt a little.

At the end of June 50,200 fewer people were waiting for telephones than in June of last year. It is indignantly denied at the G.P.O. that the reason for this is that they have all emigrated.

Americans in Paris can find solutions to most of their difficulties in the *New York Herald-Tribune's* European edition, which does its best to buffer readers against the barbarities of a foreign land, and to solve for them the special problems of travelling *en famille*. "The thing that a tourist must keep in mind," it advises, "is that no matter where you take children in Paris their meals will be expensive. Even if you take them to a night club you will have to order a full bottle of champagne for them instead of a half-bottle." Even the advertisements seek to make the exile feel at home. Hollywood's Bobby Short sings at the Mars Club; "Gone With the Wind" is showing at the Raimu; the American Diaper Service is to be summoned at the lift of a receiver; and at 5, Rue Daunou—when the children are asleep, in the care of the *jeune fille américaine* recently seeking employment as a

It is understood that if the popular outcry against "cheap American comics" goes on much longer the management of the London Palladium will feel impelled to issue a declaration that there is nothing cheap about theirs.

More than four thousand square feet of lead sheeting has been stolen from the roof of London Bridge station during recent months, and it still hasn't fallen down.

Mr. Michael Rennie, one of Hollywood's latest recruits from Britain, has had a rubber chest made for him in the studio workshops in order to give him a



sufficiently impressive appearance in scenes in which he has to strip to the waist. We don't know who handles Mr. Rennie's publicity out there, but we think that, in his own and his country's interests, some supporting story ought to have been got out about his refusal to be fobbed off with a Tarzan re-tread.

Police who arrested Cleo Idelever, aged thirty-four, as she was leaving a Paris shop, found two tins of meat and a bag of sweets in the left sleeve of her coat, two bags of coffee and a pound of cheese in the right sleeve, a brooch and clip in her skirt pocket, and an assortment of silk underwear in her bag. It did her no good to plead that they had caught her empty-handed.

The Lord Chamberlain has ordered a number of cuts in a forthcoming play from New York, *Remains to be Seen*. *Remains to be seen*.

The director of an Italian observatory at Faenza blames the world's crime wave on the magneto-electric effect of pernicious forces from the sun on the human brain. That may solve the mystery in Italy; Britons will have to search further.

News of the lifting of price control on typewriters is reported to have been received with considerable enthusiasm in the editorial offices of *Tribune*, where it is now possible for the entire secretarial staff, under the direction of Miss Jennie Lee, to hammer away at "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of part of the party."

"Violin in Case; also Pair Heavy Doors."

*Adet. in Cambridge Daily News*

Also in case.

## LAY-OUT CONFERENCE

"RIGHT. Now let's have a look at page three. O.K. The big story here is Julie la Burnum being seen in Paris with goldfish in top-hats tattooed on her shin-bones. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now, take out this picture of the Eiffel Tower—what we want is something our readers can identify themselves with."

"Come again?"

"Don't use those transatlantic expressions here, young man. This paper stands for the British way of life, and don't you ever forget it. Fearless and independent, this paper marches breast forward into a better world. A better world for you. A better—Who made that noise?"

"Charlie."

"Right. Now then. Scrap the

Eiffel Tower, and get me a full-length picture of Julie. Draw goldfish on her shin-bones, and put a white circle round 'em. Get the encyclopædia department to find out what a goldfish is, and put the definition at the foot of the column. Twenty-five words. Short words. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now then, what's this?"

"Picture of centre-forward Harry Roundhead bathing his baby."

"What's the story?"

"The baby bit his finger. Will Harry be fit for Saturday? Eminent brain-specialist says risk of infection slight. Harry in good spirits, insists on holding his own knife and fork. Trainer Cartwright flies from Torquay."

"Right. Up here, a map of England—simplified—showing the probable route taken by trainer Cartwright in his overnight dash to Harry's bedside."

"He's not in bed."

"He's bound to go to bed at night. Get a picture of his bedroom, with an arrow pointing to Harry. Another arrow pointing to the door



"Please don't get up."



leading to the baby's quarters. A big white cross marking the chair where old Mrs. Roundhead kept her all-night vigil. Close-up of Harry's finger, with a ring round the teeth-marks. Outline the whole column with footballs and babies' dummies, alternately. Right?"

"Right. What about the picture of Harry bathing the baby?"

"Move it to the sports page, with a ring round the baby, a ring round Harry's hand, and one of those curved arrows pointing to the baby's mouth. See that it's open, and draw in a scowl on its face. And blot out that bottle of stout on the table. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now then. This mannequin woman with the most sultry eyes south of a line drawn from Swansea to Scarborough. Get the description, in her own words, of the men she wants to marry and her favourite cold meal for a hot day."

"She can't write. She signs her cheques with a thumb-mark."

"O.K. A full-face picture, eight by six, with a ring round one eye and an arrow pointing to the other. Offer a prize of fifty pounds and a night out in Soho for the best suggestion from a reader for a suitable hair-style. Headline, The Eyes Have It. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now then. This story here. Six inches of solid reading, in two chunks. No italics, no heavy type, no lines round it, no arrows, no cartoon—nothing! You don't expect our readers to wade through that! You'll be telling me next they read books. What's it all about?"

"Charlie says it's the most significant speech made by any political leader in this decade."

"Well, all right, but you don't have to be frightened of it. Your job is to try and make it seem important, even though it's not about a film-star. Break it up into short paragraphs, and number them. Put rings round the numbers. And get the numbers in the proper order. Separate the paragraphs with rows of little brief-cases. Put a big finger pointing to each number, and a

signpost at the beginning saying 'Start here.' And Charlie, you go out and get a picture to put over the top."

"What of? A decade?"

"If you like. But make sure it's a big, shiny one, and not too complicated. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now then, the horoscope . . ."  
ALEX ATKINSON



"GIRLS' PRACTICAL SCHOOL  
31, Glastone Street  
LIMASSOL—CYPRUS

RECOGNIZED BY THE BOARD OF  
EDUCATION  
SUBJECTS TAUGHT:  
ENGLISH, GREEK, FRENCH, DOMESTIC  
SCIENCE, ETC."

Advt. in Cyprus paper

Recognized with difficulty, we  
imagine.

## U.S.E.

LAST week a plenary session of the Regulars of the "Green Man" discussed the idea of Federal Union and prepared a preliminary draft constitution for the projected United States of Europe. A splinter group led by Mr. Hocking retired from the bar to the vaults at about nine-thirty to consider Tulyar's claim to the title "the horse of the century."

The main meeting was opened by Mr. H. Jones (Wales), who said he wondered what the U.S.E. would do about a national anthem. This elicited several vocal attempts to synthesize the anthems of the constituent Powers—France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. "U.S.E. über Alles" was ruled out as undemocratic and war-like and "The Marshallaid" was thought to be too cynical. Finally it was decided that a sort of pot-pourri of tunes by Elgar would be most likely to meet with general approval.

Turning to the need for a new flag it was pointed out (by Mr. S. Halcombe, England) that the national flags of the six nations all contain some red, and five of them white, and it was agreed that six horizontal red lines on a white ground would form an excellent basis for the new design. One quarter of the flag would be left blank for the time being, but this could later be covered by the Union Jack should Britain deem it her duty to join the Union.

After a short break from refreshment Mr. Stope (England) said that he had prepared a map of the United States of Europe—



—which seemed to him to bristle with difficulties. He regarded the shape as unsatisfactory. He agreed

that countries could not be condemned out of hand merely because they appeared weak in configuration (otherwise, he said, where would Chile or Poland or Eire be!), but he did feel that the U.S.E. would begin under a grave handicap unless some new map projection were devised, and that quickly, to lend interest to a drab and uninspiring outline.

Mr. Harris (England) said that he foresaw trouble with what would obviously be known as the Italian Appendix ("A" on map).

Mr. McLintack (Scotland) said that, progress apart, he was opposed to Federal Union because it would mess up international sport. At the very moment when British sport was struggling to its feet we should be confronted by a new nation almost as strong athletically as the U.S.A. He saw no hope for British

soccer, and proposed to join Mr. Hocking in the vaults.

Mr. Helmuth (England) said that a better name ought to be found for the new federation. People in Canada and Central and South America were justifiably annoyed when we referred to the U.S.A. as "America"; and people in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Scandinavia and Eastern Europe would be similarly irritated if we spoke of the U.S.E. as "Europe." He suggested a new name, "Germit-fra-Benelux" or "G-B."

Little progress was made with attempts by Mr. Dewsbury (England) and Mr. Evans (Wales) to open discussions on U.S.E. culture, language and economics. The Regulars left the "Green Man" at ten o'clock and found that the weather had turned too cold for extra-mural conversation.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## THE SONG OF THE SOCK

*Special Offer . . . Our "Grip-Top Sock"—Advt.*

GIVE me the gift of a grip-top sock,  
a clip-drape, ship-shape, tip-top sock;  
not your spiv-slick, slap-stick, slipshod stock  
but a pinatic, elastic grip-top sock.  
None of your fantastic, slack swap-slop  
from a slapdash, flash cash-haberdash shop;  
not a knick-knack, knit-lock  
knock-kneed knickerbocker sock  
with a mock-shot, blot-mottled  
trick tick-tocker clock;  
not a rucked-up, puckered-up flop-top sock  
nor a super-sheer seersucker  
pukka sack-smock sock;  
not a spot-speckled, frog-freckled  
cheap sheikh's sock  
off a hotch-potch, moss-blotch  
botched Scotch block;  
nothing slip-slop, drip-drop,  
flip-flop or clip-clop:  
tip me to a tip-top  
grip-top sock.

ALUN ILEWELLYN



**"REMOVE THAT BANDAGE!"**



## SNAX AT JAX

XIV

"MY 'ead," winced the Ambulance Brigade man. "Woo!"

"Do yourself a good turn, Jimmo," suggested Jack, squeegee-ing the floor round him. "'Ave a Plusprin, I mean an aspirin. Mind- yer feet."

"It's them bugles done it," said the vacuum sweep, de-crumbing his white overall fastidiously. "Blowin' away." He began to intone briskly: "Tuppny-ha'p'ny-pillbox and arfa-yards-bruid."

"More likely all the shoutin' after that puddin'," said the ambulance man. "Then, I mean, in the line of duty this is. I mean, openin' of the football season."

"I reckon you've got it all jam, you blokes," said the vacuum sweep. "Every match in the winter you're in there."

"No, Ferd, no," said the ambulance man. He began a large slow circular gesture with his hand. "You get a big turnover. It's like a wheel goin' round: in and out all the time. Blokes get bramed off. That puddin' though. I'm not really a great puddin' lover, any day of the week. And, 'course, rushin' off straight after."

"Then, 'ot weather, of course," continued the vacuum sweep, pursuing the subject, "you come the

okd soldier with the cinemas, I know. And now, 'ere you got an 'eadache and you got no more idea than fly."

A loud cry of "Owaig!" outside the window interrupted them.

"Tug!" called Jack, "'Ere, Ferd, 'old my squeegee a sec."

There was a cry of "Ibbor!" and a grizzled ragman blinked round the door.

"Rag, chief?" he asked hoarsely. "Selvedge?"

"'Alf a jiff, Tug," said Jack. "These canisters you can 'ave; bita cardboard."

The ragman nodded and then confronted the ambulance man.

"'Ow d'you do, chief," he said. "Was you up the motor-racin' Sundry?"

"Yer," said the ambulance man. "Smaashing, it was. All these blokes with their perspex apertures. Dead smart."

The ragman cleared his throat ferociously.

"Old Coleman's boy there, I expect?" he asked, as hoarsely as before.

"I never saw 'im," said the ambulance man, "only I seen old Coleman watchin'. Rare old geezer. Ninety years of age and still tile a roof hisself."

"You want to 'ave bin there the other day," said the ragman, "when 'e 'ad a bit of an up and a downer with one of 'is carpenters on these 'ouases 'e's doin'. 'E saw this bloke using 'is saw 'e'd 'ad ever since 'e was an apprentice. Never said a word. Straight for 'im, 'e went. Punched this bloke. Shook 'im to a standstill. Oo, 'e's a big bloke, innit? Ninety or not. 'Anda like 'ambones. Make yer laugh."

"I seen 'im one day not so very long ago," confirmed the vacuum sweep, "chokin' one of 'is blokes orf. Only he says to this bloke by mistake: 'You tryin' to wool the pullover my eyes?' he asks. Well, some bloke went and laughed. Dear, oh, dear. 'E went over and pitched 'im straight out of the winder. Yer. 'Course, 'e was a new bloke, and you know old Coleman."

"'Ere y'are then, Tug," said Jack, handing over a pile of cardboard. "Now, cuppa Rosy Lee, eh, Jimmo?"

The ragman departed, stumbling slightly in the doorway with a hoarse croak of "Drunk again."

"'Ot sweet tea," said the vacuum sweep derisively. "I bet if 'e 'ad no one fainted at the match 'e's gone and drunk it all up for shock."

"Turn it up, Ferd," objected the ambulance man. "Don't tell me you got it all 'ard graft with your vacuum. I tell yer this much. We ain't goin' to 'ave no more vacuum larks up our chimneys after the Nomess Nu-way geezer upset 'is canister arrangement all over the front takin' it out. Winders open, too, and, of course, nothink covered just like they said. Enough of it blew in to make you think it was Nine Elms Goods Yards. And, 'course, that was finish. Put the kybosh on it. The old brushes it is next time; that's favourite. Know where you are."

"No respect for Progress, you've not," said Jack, folding up the Clean Food Campaign notice and wedging the door open with it. "Still, Ferd boy, any time you get dragged into the machinery you'll always be able to 'ave old Jimmo bandage you up, eh? Be able to spend your time with old Dad Peasmarsh on that



Rest - And - Be - Thankful bench,  
watchin' the bowls."

He sketched a rosy picture with  
large gestures.

"Praps you'll 'ave Jimmo  
come up for comp'ny," he sug-  
gested. "Give you a nip of the  
Demon Rum from 'is natty flask."

"Ah no," said the ambulance  
man sorrowfully, clasping his brow  
gingerly. "Taking the mickey.  
You blokes reckon it's all jam."

He got up to leave.

"Cor crummy," he winced.

"If you 'ad my 'ead."

"I'd boil it up for old Jack  
when 'e's shorta duff," said Ferdy  
promptly. "See ya."

ALAN HACKNEY

## LITTLE BOY SINGING

THERE was a baby nearly three.

He took his mother's hand  
And down towards the pig-sties he  
Proceeded, as was planned.

What he was thinking no one knows,  
But on the way along  
Up from that golden head there

rose  
A benison in song.

He sang of London Bridge; of  
ten

Green bottles on the wall;

The Duke of York who marched his  
men,

And Frairer Jacques, and all.

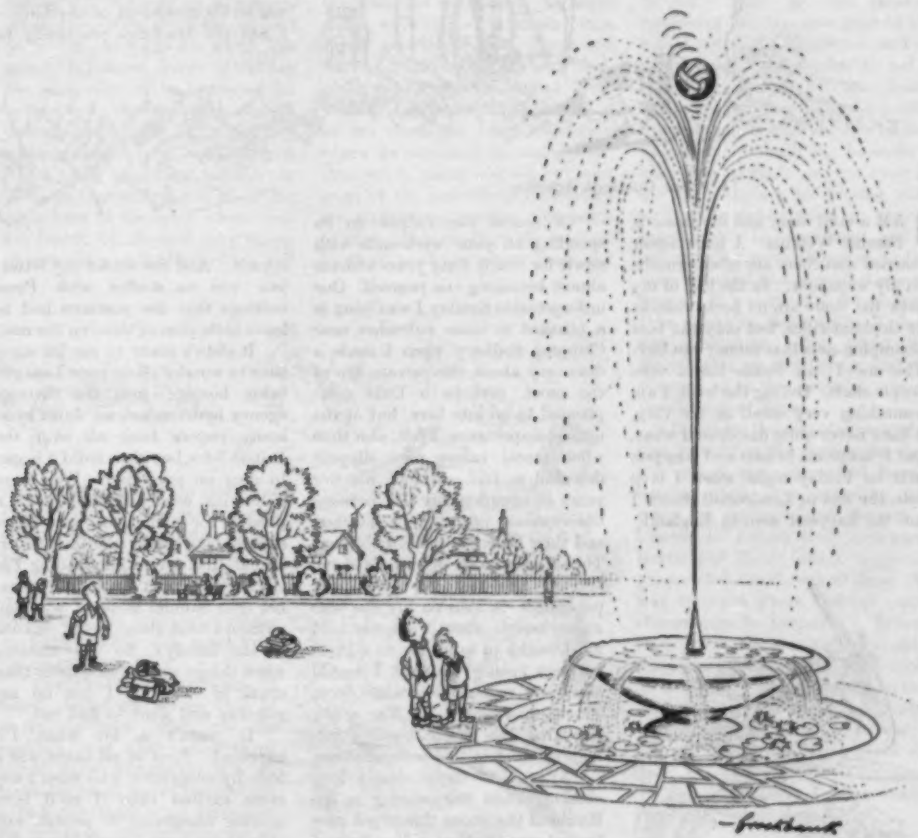
And O, were I a poet, I  
Might say that everything,  
The trees, the birds, the very  
sky

Bent nearer, listening!

But let us keep to common sense,  
No fancy stuff allowed;

His mother was his audience,  
And my, she did him proud.

ANDE





A Press Cuttings Agency

I AM a mild man, and my name is Samuel Welkins. I have never married and there are often crumbs on my waistcoat. In the hall of my little flat there are no hockey-sticks or elephant-rifles, but only the best shrimping-nets that money can buy. The one I call Bessie has a telescopic shaft. During the week I am something very small in the City, I have never quite discovered what, but it keeps me in nets and jam-jars and on Friday night when I step into the bus in Leadenhall Street I am the happiest man in England.

Of course you cannot go on spending all your week-ends with news for nearly forty years without almost becoming one yourself. One unforgettable Sunday I was lying in a blizzard in some bulrushes near Chipping Sodbury when I made a discovery about the private life of the newt, perhaps a little complicated to go into here, but of the utmost importance, I felt, at a time when moral values were slipping downhill so fast. It took me five years to complete my *Preliminary Observations of a Newt-Watcher*, and then I went to see a publisher. Then I went to see other publishers, and in the end the book was published. A man on my bus who writes novels about vampires told me I ought to subscribe to a Press cuttings agency, so that I would know how rude reviewers had been. The most I hoped for was a few words in *The Aquarist and Pond-keeper*, but at last he persuaded me.

After that there was a long silence. Then one evening in the House of Commons things got very heated over the Sutton Hoo Sewage

Bill and one Member shouted across the House that his Honourable Friend had the mentality of a newt. The second Member angrily demanded the protection of the Speaker, and then an astonishing thing happened. For the Speaker replied that if the Honourable Member had asked him yesterday he would certainly have called for an apology; but since then he had enjoyed the wonderful experience of sitting up all night over a book by a Mr. Samuel Welkins which shed such a remarkable light on the unsuspectedly beautiful character of the newt that now he could think of nothing more flattering than to be compared with one. Well, naturally all the reporters rushed to the telephone, and next morning—there was no big murder on, or anything—I had the headlines practically to

myself. And for weeks my letter-box was so stuffed with Press cuttings that the postman had to leave little piles of them on the mat.

It didn't occur to me for some time to wonder—I do hope I am not being boring!—how the cuttings agency had tracked me down in so many papers from all over the British Isles, but when it did it began to prey on my mind. Was there a hulking electronic brain with a passion for names, or were there superhuman beings so utterly superhuman that even while reading *The Aberdeen Angus* they could remember that Samuel Welkins, who had written a book about newts, was one of the family? So one morning when things were even quieter than usual in the City I put on my goloshes and went to find out.

It wasn't a bit what I'd expected. First of all there was a friendly proprietor, who wasn't any more excited than if he'd been making margarine or pencils, and then there were several big rooms,



which sounded like madly busy barbers' shops, for all the girls had scissors and were clicking them furiously. Each room had a lot of long tables, and at their head sat a kind of N.C.O. with a pencil, flicking through a paper faster than she could possibly read it and making little marks. Each table took on certain subjects, for instance Shipping and Finance, and when the N.C.O. was combing *The Financial Times* and came on an item headed "Tramlines Sag," she remembered there were nineteen subscribers anxious about tramlines and scribbled "Tramlines 19." The girls beside her then made nineteen cuttings, and the junior girls beside them, whose memories were still not quite up to containing five thousand names and subjects in a subconscious card-index, stuck the cuttings on to the green slip for which this agency is famous. Later in the day the slips went off to be sorted for subscribers, checked and posted. One copy of a paper yields so many cuttings that it soon begins to look like a badly made lace table-cloth. Many of the cuttings will be off the main beat of the table where they are found, i.e. Finance may throw up something about Motor Cars, and

eight-thirty the proprietor comes on to a loud-hailer system and tells the girls that Mr. Samuel Welkins has been elected, Sir Reginald Quoit has passed beyond the reach of the Press, and Mrs. Peardrop no longer wants stuff on Anglo-Saxon pin-cushions and instead is bending her mind to soil erosion. And as if that isn't hard enough, many subscribers qualify their demands; an M.P. may ask for all references to him except in his constituency, where he already sees the papers.

The idea of a Press cuttings agency is believed to have occurred first to a sharp youth in Paris, who noticed a paper-woman on the Left Bank charging unheard-of prices to an artist, and discovered she had collected all the editions in which the man was mentioned. To begin with, subscribers' interests were chiefly social: Mrs. Millamant wanted confirmation for her grandchildren that she really had dined with Mr. Gladstone. Now that all of us are much too busy wondering where the next lunch is coming from, that sort of thing is dying out, and most of the individual subscribers are professional people, who want to know either about public reaction to their work or about their pet

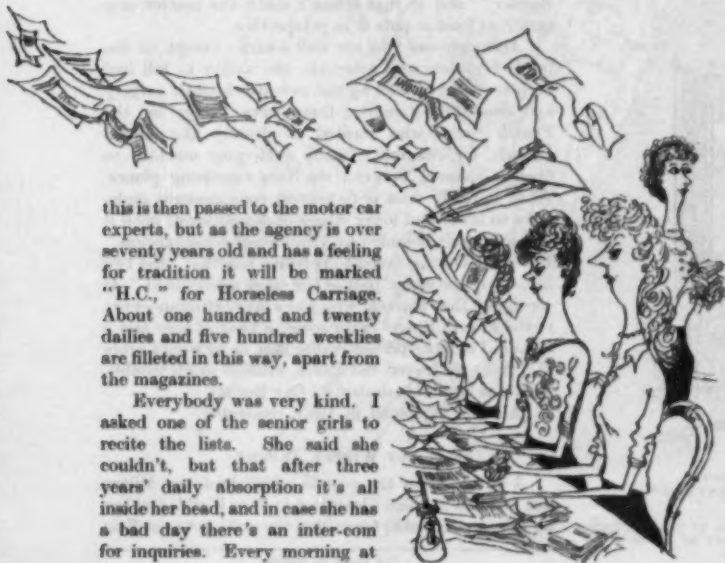


subject. But far the greatest number of cuttings now goes to big business and the Ministries, and as it has become impossible to sell a mousetrap or reduce the bacon ration without the help of a public relations officer this is quite understandable. It took big business a long time to catch on, but even in the early days a steeplejack subscribed for information on church spires said to be dilapidated, and in one month twelve thousand births were reported to a manufacturer of prams. It's quite easy for girls to take news in their stride if they are constantly being asked for all opinions on the Deluge and all theories as to the probable site of the Garden of Eden.

If you are the sort of person who gets himself in the papers the fees can mount up. Shaw and Barrie decided they were spending too much on cuttings, and devised a scheme to reduce their expenses. Barrie put Shaw into a forgotten piece called *Punch*, but all Shaw did was to write *Press Cuttings*, now almost equally forgotten. Bishop Hensley Henson (a subscriber) called this agency "a wonderful institution for harnessing human vanity to the advantage of human greed," and being only a simple newt-lover I can not be expected to improve on that.

But I do hope I have made everything pond-clear.

ERIC KEOWN



this is then passed to the motor car experts, but as the agency is over seventy years old and has a feeling for tradition it will be marked "H.C.," for Horseless Carriage. About one hundred and twenty dailies and five hundred weeklies are filleted in this way, apart from the magazines.

Everybody was very kind. I asked one of the senior girls to recite the lists. She said she couldn't, but that after three years' daily absorption it's all inside her head, and in case she has a bad day there's an inter-com for inquiries. Every morning at

## What's Going On in the Back Room?

### SCIENCE IN EVERYDAY LIFE

"SINCE," a character called Bradley said, "as you are well aware, the field strength  $H$  is inversely proportional to the distance  $r$ , then it is immediately obvious that  $dH/dr$  varies inversely as  $r^2$ ." "Quite clear," said a character called Gibson, described as a popular novelist, admiringly. "I'm sorry to disappoint you," this person went on, "but I can still differentiate  $1/r$  even at this advanced age."

This conversation took place, not in a lecture-room at a Scottish university, but in a space-ship. It was somewhere about the turn of the century—the twentieth century—when space-ships were still taking weeks and weeks to reach Mars and carrying only small crews and few passengers. In the circumstances it is not surprising that other topics should have been exhausted and small-talk such as that quoted (quoted, actually, from *The Sands of Mars*, by the eminent interplanetary A. C. Clarke) should occasionally have invaded the cabin.

To us in our stuffy mid-fifties environment, such a conversation would be intolerable, and Bradley (if only for those words "as you are well aware") would be pushed out through an air-lock into space, to be followed by the smug Mr. Gibson a microsecond later. What is important is to get the conversation into focus.



"This is the part I always feel shows us up in a very poor light . . ."

What sort of things were going on at that time? What else was there to talk about?

Well, the first thing to realize is that by the standards of the time the exchange was hardly technical at all. Why, in 1983, long before this happened, the American Ray Berton could write "Maybe I could send and receive thoughts. But a lot of ESP groups could do that . . . Telepathy and ESP included other wild talents, I knew. An old woman on the South Canal" had claimed to have the power of teleportation. Gamblers talked about telekinesis."

### BERTON OVER THE BARRIER

This Ray Berton was quite an ordinary guy, just a space-bum who had made a strike of heavy beryllium ("paired-atom stuff worth twice its weight in platinum") in the asteroids; but he got involved in some really advanced science much of which surprised even him. For example, a kind of latter-day Cliveden Set sent him through the Barrier into the Fourth Stage. Ray Berton, whose account of these happenings was published posthumously under the catchpenny title *Earth Needs a Killer*, made no effort to explain the Fourth Stage; "You can't explain colour to a man who's never seen colour," he wisely said. But a character called Malcolm observed about this Barrier-crossing "He is back in Fourth Stage reality now; we will go to work on the ten Uranium Pile men and remove the posthypnotic commands from their minds. We can do that now he has gone back through the Barrier"; and if that doesn't make the matter any easier, at least it puts it in perspective.

Although—as you are well aware—except on the frontier planets and asteroids, the ability to kill had been bred out of men by the new psychogenic surgery and conditioning marts, there were beings on the Fourth Stage who wanted to destroy the Earth. Durach, for example, "made a Merging machine to open a channel between the two coexisting planes. What it really does is to regress consciousness molecules to lower and lower stages of development until it becomes again bounded by Third Stage consciousness." But what Durach failed to perceive was that "the two planes are the same, part of the same reality field." It was lucky that Durach, who was a fat white man—even in the Fourth Stage—with jowls, a beaked nose and a little red mouth, did not realize this, or he would probably have destroyed the Earth without much trouble. As it was he simply destroyed Ray Berton.

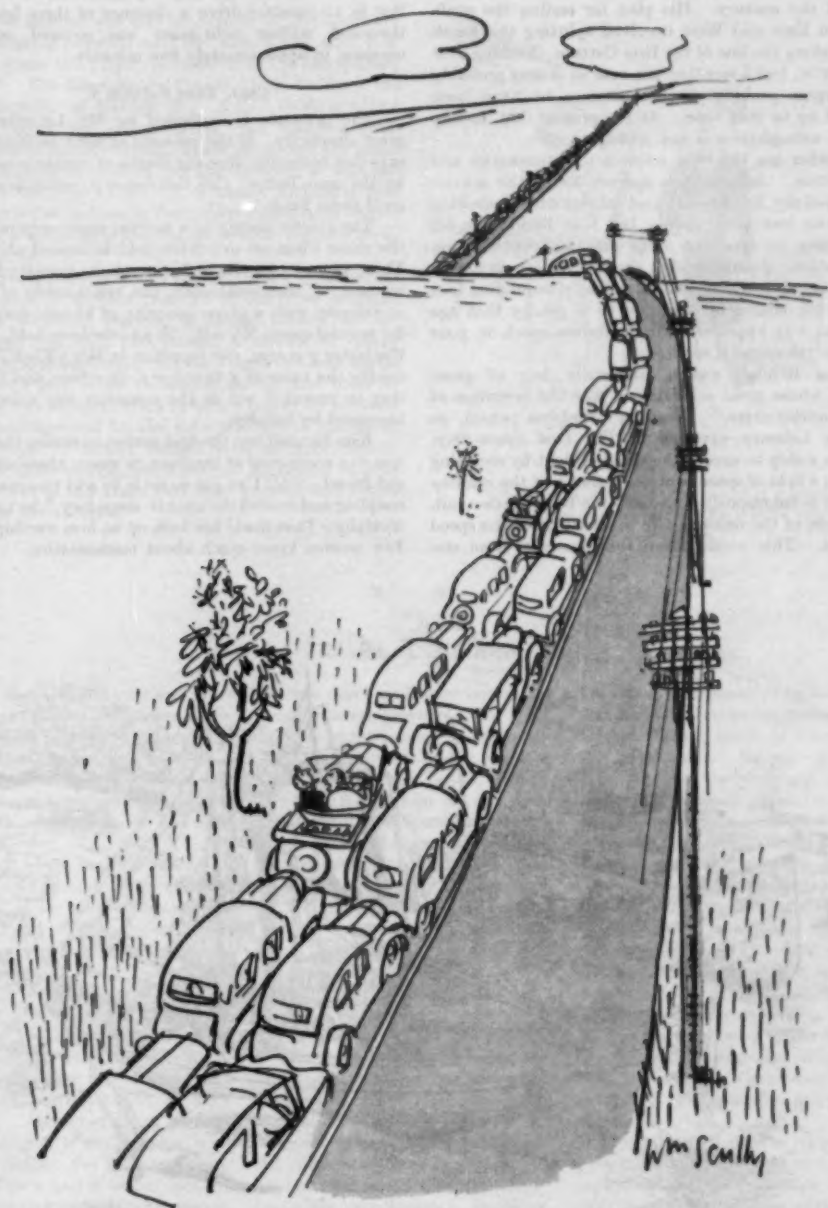
All this happened in 1983, remember.

### NOT WIDELY TAUGHT

I do not know the year in which Professor Milton put forward his plan (described in *Two Worlds for One*, by George O. Smith) for ending the strife between East

"of Mars, of course





"It's very lucky we are bumper to bumper—we're out of patrol."

and West, but I suspect that this also was about the turn of the century. His plan for ending the strife between East and West involved splitting the Earth in two along the line of the Iron Curtain. Nothing ever came of it; but I mention the case as it was probably the largest problem in astrophysics to have been studied up to that time. At the present day, luckily for us, astrophysics is not widely taught.

Neither are the twin sciences of astronautics and astrogation. Astronautics appears to be the science employed (by Mr. Bradley and others) when travelling about our own solar system, but Kim Rendell, in his pioneering voyages into other galaxies, depended on astrogation. Assuming that the word is a contraction of "astro-navigation," one cannot help wondering how one sets a course by the stars in a galaxy that has hitherto only appeared as a luminous speck in your electron telescope, if at all.

Kim Rendell was a back-room boy of great talent, whose great achievement was the invention of "transmitter-drive." Even in overdrive (which, as Murray Leinster explains in *The Last Space-Ship*, enables a ship to exceed the speed of light by enclosing itself in a field of space so stressed that in it the velocity of light is enormously increased) the best speeds available were of the order of two hundred times the speed of light. This would mean that journeys from one

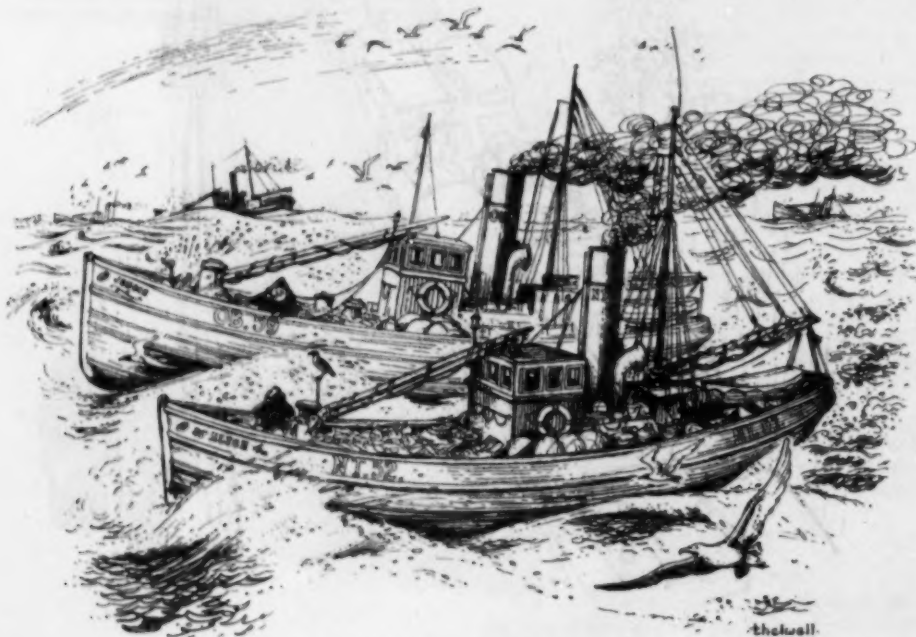
galaxy to another would take years, if not centuries. But in transmitter-drive a distance of three hundred thousand million light-years was covered on one occasion in approximately five minutes.

#### "CALL THIS FACTOR $y$ "

The principle is explained by Mr. Leinster with great simplicity. If the velocity of light be increased, says this authority, then the inertia of matter is reduced by the same factor. Call this factor  $y$ , which is a very good name for it.

The kinetic energy of a moving space-ship remains the same when an overdrive field is formed about it. Thus, when its inertia is decreased, its velocity has to increase. "Mathematically, the relationship of mass to velocity with a given quantity of kinetic energy is, for normal space,  $MV = E$ . In an overdrive field, where the factor  $y$  enters, the equation is  $M/y \cdot yV = E$ ." By raising the value of  $y$  to infinity, therefore, and forgetting to cancel it out in the equation, the velocity is increased by infinity.

Kim Rendell was the first person to realize this. He was in a space-ship at the time, in space, alone with his girl-friend. "All I've got to do is to add two stages of coupling and rewind the exciter-secondary," he told her zestfully. That made her look up at him worshipfully. Few women know much about mathematics.



"We had fish—what did you have?"

## APPROACHING THE ULTIMATE?

Kim Rendell was also responsible for the discovery that wearing hafnium next the skin would alter your psychogram and make you immune to the Disciplinary Circuit. The Disciplinary Circuit—I quote from the *Encyclopaedia of History*, Vol. XXIV—was a device based upon the discovery of the psychographic patterns of human beings, which permitted the exact identification of persons passing through a neuronic field of the type IX,H. It is hardly surprising that a discovery so politically dangerous should have landed him in a space-ship heading at infinite velocity away from home.

It is pleasant to record that, although debarred for one reason or another from all of the three hundred million inhabited planets, he found himself an uninhabited one with two moons, a climate of balmy warmth, extraordinarily flexible vegetation and nights filled with soft, sweet unfamiliar smells, and there he and his wife set themselves to raise a family by methods quite uninfluenced by the achievements of the back-room boys. I cannot hazard even an approximate date for these events, but it may be significant to note that it was at this stage that Kim Rendell first began to quote from *Hamlet*.

B. A. YOUNG



"According to the radio, if we're east of a line from somewhere to somewhere else you'd better take your umbrella."

## TRAVEL COLUMN

FOR the last few weeks I have been exploring the smaller Caribbean islands and can warmly recommend them to anyone who has a taste for lounging in the sun and eating huge meals, perfectly cooked. There is also much of historical interest.

As I write, the blue waters of the bay and the brightly-coloured parasols of the cab-drivers make a feast for the eye. To the westward rises the white-and-gold façade of the Ritz-Savoy, whose asparagus in rum must be tasted to be believed. Farther along, just past the Cathedral, the beauty of whose interior is reputed to be quite unusual, is the Claridge-Waldorf, where they make a mango omelette that is very heaven. Gently turning in my chaise-longue, I see, peeping over the Art Gallery, the Maxime-Voisin, where I once had a dish of lobster, ice-cream and truffles that lingers in my memory like some beautiful symphony, say one of Beethoven's. In active mood one can hire a

private coach and drive out to the world-famous grottoes. The hotel, though unpretentious, is very comfortable and specializes in sturgeon cooked in Imperial Tokay.

For readers who do not mind roughing it there is a camel caravan starting from Amman for the Nejd at the end of the month. Those whose time is limited can dismount at the first oasis and walk back. The cheapest route is by carcass-boat from Grimaby to Jaffa and then by the weekly bus. It is advisable to take an air-cushion.

I have often found that one of the pleasantest lounging holidays is to join some millionaire friend and cruise at random off the Californian coast. The scenery is magnificent and a really good chef can do wonders with the varied sea-food. An occasional shore excursion will prevent the long, idle days from becoming monotonous. South of S. Luis Obispo is an hotel whose *pièce de résistance* is caviare whipped up with cream and Napoleon brandy.

California was inhabited by Indians and Spaniards before the Americans, so that there is much to stimulate the imagination. Do not on any account miss the delicious cakes made with chopped walnut, marsh-mallow and nougat.

Several readers have asked me about cheap holidays in the Arctic Circle. I can warmly recommend the blubber camps in Northern Greenland for those who would like to earn their keep. The total cost, including share of igloo and hire of meat-axe, is very reasonable. Some of the smaller tramp lines from Greenock are prepared to hire deck-hands—for passage-money and part-food. Camp life is strenuous but rewarding. It is essential to join in sing-songs.

Next month I hope to return to a very special haunt of mine, the enchanted isles west of Samoa, with their beautiful coast-lines, halcyon climate and excellent hotels. Six meals a day are usual and there are frequent snacks. To wake up in the

morning and gaze out over wafting palm-trees as you restore your energies with turtle soup and a glass of champagne makes you wonder whether, perchance, our industrial civilization has not missed the true path. Some of the smaller villages have interesting native crafts and rock-formations. In all of them you can be certain of discovering some toothsome delicacy, if you are prepared to take a little trouble.

I am told that a few of the Continental railways are now prepared to take amateur firemen at a considerable reduction in fare. This sounds an admirable way of covering a good deal of ground inexpensively. It is as well to strengthen the muscles by careful exercise before leaving home, as the shovels are a little heavy for the beginner. One attractive route is Dunkirk-Lille-Liège-Essen-The Hook, starting the holiday at Tilbury and ending at Harwich.

I hope shortly to be able to give a personal report on Casablanca. From all accounts it is a paradise, and the menus I have seen confirm this. Called Mauretania by the Romans, Morocco is nowadays known the world over for the succulence and ingenuity of its secret recipes. I am looking forward to testing its quail cooked in Cointreau, which, I hear, is quite epoch-making.

R. G. G. PRICE

#### OFFICIAL NOTICE.

PROPOSAL TO CHANGE A SHIP'S NAME.  
I, ABELARDO JIMENEZ, of 36 Town Range, Grenada, HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that in consequence of my preference for a new name I have applied to the Minister of Transport, under Section 47, of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, in respect of the Ship ROSANAGE of London. Official Number 183078 of gross tonnage 128.09 Tons, register tonnage 80.00 tons, heretofore owned by me FOR PERMISSION TO CHANGE her name to PENNYNDEUDRARTH and to have her registered in the new name at the Port of London as owned by me.

Any objections to the proposed change of name must be sent to the Register of Shipping at London within seven days from the appearance of this advertisement.

Advt. in Daily Telegraph

The first objection doubtless came from the ship's own radio officer.

## TYPHOON MANQUÉ

"A H," said the old sea captain, "that box. Funny you should ask about that."

It would, in point of fact, have been much funnier if I hadn't. The box was on the little table beside the captain's chair. He had been turning it over and over in his gnarled old hands when I came in, and had put it down on the table, half reluctantly, to shake hands with me. This always happened to some object or other; I used to think of it as Exhibit A. The only exception had been on my last visit, when I had caught him trying on a new set of false teeth, and the table was covered with wrappings and National Health forms. The harpoon which he had caught up as he shot across the room from the mirror to his chair had been too long to turn over and over without looking like a drum major, and I had found him sitting very upright holding it in one hand, like Britannia, unwilling or unable to tell the simplest story about it. But he didn't generally make a mistake.

"That box now," he said, fixing me with his bright blue eyes. "Must have been in 'eighty-five or six, when I was Number Two on the old *Blencarran*. Ran into a typhoon two days out of Hong Kong." I came back with the orthodox defence to a typhoon opening, a sort of whistling noise between the teeth and a slightly forward seat. "We were under storm tryalls, but she was taking it green." His speech thickened. He put his hand to his jaw and gazed out of the window with his old, far-seeing eyes. I waited till he should recover himself, but his thoughts were far away. I wondered if the teeth would ever really fit.

"The fore-topmast!" I said at last. He nodded. "Carried away," he said thickly. "Number Three?" He nodded again. "Overboard," he said. I tut-tutted sympathetically in the intervals of my typhoon whistling. It sounded like a bicycle-pump with a loose washer.

He dropped his hand wearily on to the arm of his chair and spoke in a more normal voice. "Cargo shifted," he said. "Barrels rolling everywhere. Sent men below to make them fast, but they crushed the life out of them." He stopped and winced slightly. I stopped whistling and began moaning gently at regular intervals, like a very small fog-signal. He got started again, but was making heavy weather of it. His style became increasingly telegraphic.

"Listing badly," he said. "Ordered abandon ship. Seas like mountains." I stopped moaning and began to whistle again. "Open boat," he said. "Others all lost." I threw in a moan or two, but still kept mainly to whistling. He looked out of the window again. "Fourteen days?" I said. He looked at me sharply and said "Sixteen." I tutted.

He wrestled with himself. "Young 'uns went first," he said. I moaned. I said "Threw them to the sharks?" He nodded. There was a pause. "All alone?" I said. He nodded again. "Boat capized in breakers." I went on with increasing confidence. "Swam to island. Priest of temple found you on the beach." He offered no comment. He gazed out of the window, his jaw working uncertainly. "Portuguese tramp called after six months," I said. "Priest gave you the box—wood of sacred tree. Supposed to give long life." He began, in his turn, to whistle slightly; his face was oddly suffused. I said "Had it ever since. Keep jade image in it you got at—"

He stopped whistling and said "Studs." I looked at him. He took a deep breath. "Studs," he said again. "Not that box." He paused and winced. "Burnt years ago," he said savagely. "Got this at Parker's. Plastic. Had to have something. I've been all the time trying to tell you only you wouldn't listen."

He gazed fiercely out of the window and turned the box over and over in his gnarled old hands. He was still turning it over and over when I crept from the room.

P. M. HUBBARD





### BEE SONG

OUR honey's all in store: the apple-blossom first,  
the apple-blossom first, then cherry, pear and  
plum,  
then cherry, pear and plum blessed us for our gold  
thirst,  
blessed us for our gold thirst and pollen-laden hum.

The fingers of the breeze plucked singing threads of  
sound  
from our uncounted flights through May's glad  
madrigal  
and moved more murmurously to deepen the rich  
tune  
among the meadowsweet as grass and flowers grew  
tall,  
as grass and flowers grew tall, and all the world was  
drowned  
beneath the noontide sun in the full blaze of June.

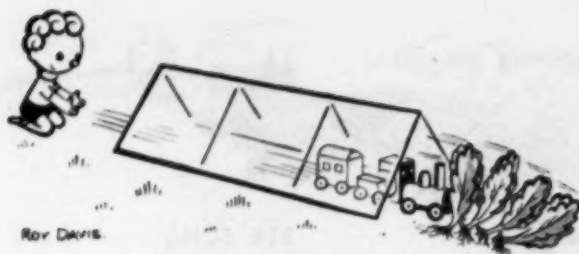
In honeysuckled June our velvet shuttles flew,  
our velvet shuttles flew through sun-threads loomed  
on light,  
through sun-threads loomed on light: O not in Xanadu,  
O not in Xanadu fabrics so flower-bright!

There hung for our delight green tassels of the lime,  
spread for our pleasure were the clover's crimson  
knots,  
in a green shade we sought for candytuft, and thyme,  
and found unerringly the spiciest bergamots.

Our frenzy waxing yet we plundered all July,  
high summer was our own, her roses had no thorns  
to hinder our bold raids, but deep from their deep  
wells,  
oh, deep from their deep wells we drank in ecstacy,  
and, drunk with ecstacy, blew tiger-lily horns,  
rang all the foxglove's peals, swung Canterbury  
bells.

Ourselves the honey tongues that made them clash  
together  
and this their tocsin was: Marauders, off once more!  
Marauders, off once more! And when we've sacked  
the heather,  
and when we've sacked the heather our honey's all  
in store.

R. C. SCRIVEN



## FIRST NIGHT

"I'VE had to put you in Room Fifteen next door to Miss Brittain and her Music Appreciators," said the Principal. And as I tried to thank him it seemed that he looked at me with compassion. "But you'll be all right if no one is learning the trombone. They had one last year, and I had to move the whole class down to the basement next to Mr. Wheelwright and his Handicrafters. They tended to cancel each other out . . ."

"You may find it advisable," the Principal went on, "not to attempt anything too ambitious on your first night. If I might make a suggestion . . ."

"By all means do," I broke in, untwisting my fingers.

" . . . get your class sorted out."

You'll find that there are always some who want to sit next the window and others who are unable to settle down unless they are near the door. And to prevent distracting traffic back and forwards at intervals during the session, it's best to clear this up as soon as possible. A colleague once handed me his resignation because he allowed everyone in his class who said they felt a draught to move. Things got to the point where the entire class was huddled round the stove knitting and doing crossword puzzles with their backs towards the lecturer."

The Principal leant back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"Then you must try to *establish* yourself. Many an instructor can hold a class breathless simply by, for instance, the way he uses his chalk. Incidentally, remember that this is a day-school as well as an evening institute. I mean—if you have to use chalk, make sure it's wiped off the board at the end of the evening. We have regular complaints from infant teachers that rather peculiar notes and sometimes illustrations calculated to upset their pupils are still displayed in the morning for impressionable eyes to see."

The Principal took the filling from a ball-pen and looked at it critically. "Have you noticed that these things don't write if they're cold? No matter. Ah, yes—establishing yourself. A well-timed joke can create the intimate atmosphere I should think is necessary for—what is your subject again?"

"Folklore and Witchcraft."

"Yes—and don't frighten them. If your people feel insecure you will never get the results which I've no doubt you deserve." The Principal's eyebrows met, and I relaxed under the momentary softening of the firm lines round his mouth.

"And try to keep the Sandals away from the Coloured Scarves, and Pipe-smokers from the Sandwich-eaters."

"Surely," I ventured, as I unwound my left leg from my right, "a class is—well, just a class. I mean . . ."

"My dear sir, the practised eye, running over a group of students, recognizes those sections which will be obstructionists, seekers-after-the-limelight, arguers and favour-carriers. Then there are the Lonely Hearts, as we call them, people who insist on bringing relatives with them—'just to look on'—so that, it is persuasively explained, they, the students, won't feel out of things. You are very apt in the hurly-burly of opening night to add the hangers-on to your register, thus making my secretary's work of trying to square your figures with the number of fees paid extremely difficult."

"But I mustn't keep you." He rose; I tried to shake hands, picked up my register, and left the room. A group of students came towards me, singing or arguing. I displayed the covers of my register casually so that they could see who I was. I walked on to Room 15. A clock struck seven somewhere. I cleared my throat loudly, opened the door and strode in—bustling, business-like, a personality with a let's-get-down-to-it-air. I said good evening briskly . . .

Perhaps somebody will turn up later in the week.

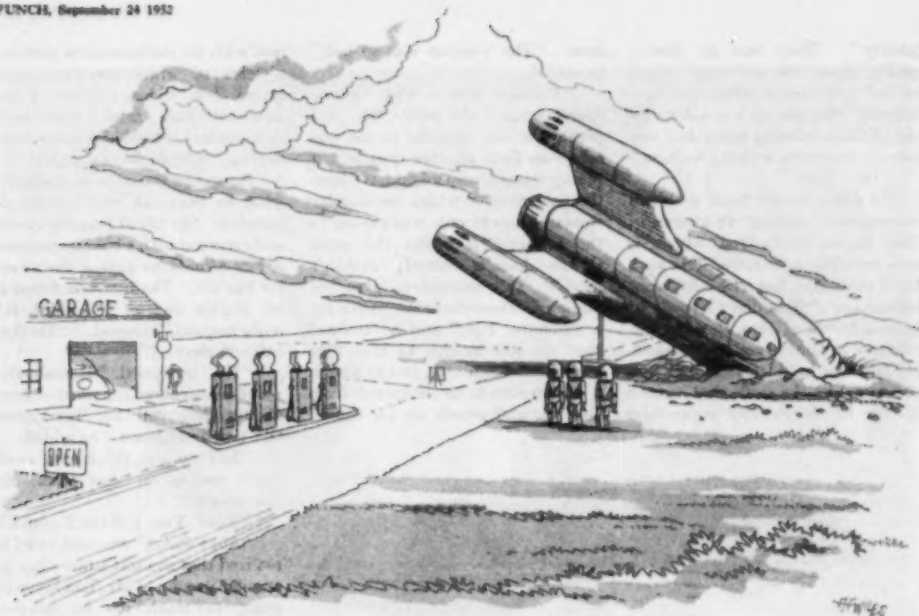
FERGUSON MACLAY

6 6

"Every day, about 10 a.m., a van draws up outside the bank and money in sacks is wheeled out on trolleys to it. Yesterday everything went normally, and the van drove off, loaded mainly with coppers. The bank manager said the van had arrived safely at its destination."—Daily Telegraph

Our police are wonderful.





*"Why don't they move or say something?"*

## PARTY FOR OSTROW

"DO you think there's any pleasure in fun?" She had a sort of convulsive ordinariness, like a piece of plain paper screwed up. "I'm afraid I haven't yet said good evening to our hostess," he said; "she seemed to be busy."

"I shouldn't try to break the circle of eminence around her; Judith won't thank you for it, Mr. Michaelson." He sensed a past of shared gas-rings and a present of imperfectly shared mink. The room spread about him like a trap for some kind of fur-bearing animal; he felt his back anxiously, and was reassured by the feel of serge between his fingers. "Ostrow hasn't come yet," she said. He contented himself with the sort of laugh which actors extract from plays in little theatres when they can no longer extract anything from the dialogue.

"That was a strange noise, Mr. Michaelson."

"There stranger," he replied.

"What did you say your name was?"

The question was answered by an old gentleman, who appeared at that moment, carrying, for some reason, an unopened envelope. "Why, Mrs. Dixon," he said, "it is jolly to see you after so long, and offering our friend Tomkinson a right royal feast of wit, I don't doubt. Good evening, Tomkinson."

He said good evening, and added "sir," thinking that anyone must be sir to a person called Tomkinson. This slightly upset the old gentleman, who had been put out by this form of address used casually ever since a reluctant Sovereign had conferred on him the right to use it formally. He himself always said "my dear sir," to show that respect was tempered by affection.

"There seems to be a lot of people one doesn't know," he confided; "it's jolly to meet those one does, Mrs. Dixon." But she had

gone. The old gentleman then sat down near a table on which were a number of empty glasses; he looked at his envelope for some time, but finally put it away unopened, and drew two of the glasses towards him: "Let A be the government," he said, "and let B represent the people; in which case, my dear sir, what does A plus B equal?"

He was considering this, with an expression of assumed intelligence, when an angular woman placed a burning cigarette in his hand. He forgot the old gentleman and his curious conundrum in his anxiety to transfer this to an ash-tray while some of the skin of his palm remained intact, and he managed the operation with great dexterity, confronting the angular woman with an expression of triumph which seemed to amuse her. "I can see you're not used to Judith's parties," she said.

"Why?"

"Because you have to move

quickly." There was an elusive quality about this statement which he had not caught when she continued: "She always has it done by one of these catering firms, and you have to run races with the waiters."

"Oh. I see."

"I failed in my heat, and was consequently daubed with some of that tinned cod's roe which is masquerading as caviare." He said, Oh I see, again, but with a different intonation. "You don't happen to have a bottle of that clever stain-remover on you, do you?" she asked. He said that he'd left it behind, and she gave him the smile that women reserve for delightfully unpractical

men. "The weather was so hot," he added.

"Perhaps that's why Ostrow hasn't come," she said. He said perhaps it was, and the theme was taken up from another quarter. A plump woman, who might have been the pattern from which the angular woman was cut out, was saying to the latter: "It seems the great Ostrow hasn't arrived; Judith's livid." This seemed to give her pleasure. Then she said: "Give me a cigarette, Ben," and he realized that she was looking at him. He gave her the cigarette, and lit it with a match which he extracted from the box and struck on his thumb

nail with an instantaneous gesture, a trick of which he was justly proud, but which neither of the women noticed. Instead, there was a delighted cry behind him, and a voice saying: "Oh, do do that again!"

He was prepared to do much for what he saw, but had run out of matches. She dived into the crowd and returned with a box; he received it like a matador taking the sword for the kill. The matches flared in his nimble fingers. "I think it's quite magical," she said. "Do they call you Merlin?"

"No," he replied. "Hereabouts"—and he savoured the word—"hereabouts they call me Tomkinson. Old Ben Tomkinson," he added.

"And do you think you could teach me to do that trick, Mr. Tomkinson?"

"Yes. Yes, I think I could."

"Aunt Janet," she said—and he realized that she was addressing the angular woman—"Mr. Tomkinson is going to teach me his magical match trick."

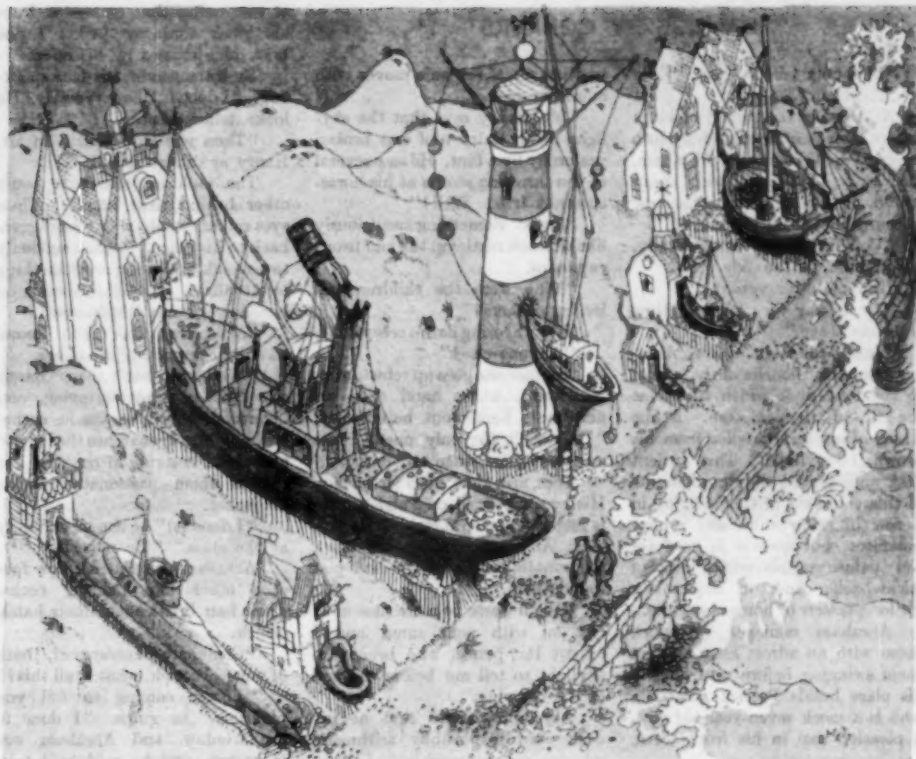
"Mr. Tomkinson has a trick of making an emergency out of everything, and moreover has an obvious predilection for arson," said Aunt Janet. He replaced the matches in his pocket, whispering "Never mind; another time." Then in a loud voice he said: "I'm afraid I can't wait any longer for the precious Ostrow." The women were talking quietly, with queer smiles on their faces.

He said good-bye, and made for the door; but the match-box fell out of his pocket, spilling its contents everywhere. While he was picking them up a man fell over him, and remarked coldly that this was not the place for undergraduate horseplay. He saw that the old gentleman was again looking at his unopened envelope, and when he got home he seemed to remember a woman called Mrs. Dixon, who had asked a question that he hadn't answered.

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Locke," he said, "do you think there's any pleasure in fun?" Her face stared back at him from the mahogany she polished so nobly: "I don't know about that, I'm sure, Mr. Ostrow," she said.

"We're lost all right, I can feel that  
"I have been here before' feeling coming on."





"Oh yes, after a gale everybody in Marine Drive wakes up to find a boat in their front garden."

1952x

"A faint new comet without a tail has been discovered in the constellation Cepheus."—The Times, August 23, 1952

**W**HAT can we do for you, poor little wanderer,  
Nova novissima, vagula, parvula,  
Faint new comet without a tail!

Faint with the transit from outer infinity,  
Worn with the passage of aeons—no wonder  
your  
Tail should be shorn and your glory fail.

What can we do that's reviving, restorative,  
Suiting a comet fordone with long journeying?  
Milk from the Galaxy, pail on pail!

Rides on the Wain, or a kiss from the Virgin, a

Sluice from the watering-can of Aquarius!  
Libra shall ration it all to scale.

What happens then? Will you, waxing obstreperous,  
Teasing the Crab and annoying the Gemini,  
Grow light-yearly more caudate, hale!

No, for the practical, prosy astronomers  
Long before that will have caught you and numbered  
you,  
Classified, analysed, docketed, registered:  
No one (save me) will perceive in a date and a  
Letter the quondam pathetic, frail,  
Faint new comet without a tail.

## DAMAGE BY CONKERS

"I've a note here," I say, "from Mr. Henry."

Nineteen of the twenty children clatter their pencils thankfully into the grooves of their desks. Abraham, the gipsy, remains with head bowed. He is concentrating on some treasure hidden on his knees.

"Conkers," I say emphatically, "should be on the side."

He remains engrossed.

"Or," I say very loudly, "they go in the stove."

Without looking at me, Abraham shuffles nonchalantly across to the long desk which stands at the side of the classroom. A fine string of conkers dangles from his brown, bony hand. This ancient desk once served the grandparents of this class, six of them sitting in a row in sailor suits and zephyr pinafores; but now it is used for wet paintings, eleveners, jars of sticklebacks, and, in September, for long tassels of horse-chestnuts.

Abraham manages to knock these with an adroit knee and set them swinging before returning to his place beside Patrick. Patrick, who is a meek seven-year-old with a pleasing gap in his front teeth,

watches all Abraham's moves with admiring eyes.

"Mr. Henry says that the skylight in his dairy roof was broken yesterday by a flint. He saw several of you throwing stones at his horse-chestnut tree. Well!"

Silence. Something suspiciously like a mouse rustles in the handwork cupboard.

"Who were the children collecting conkers?"

Two wavering hands creep aloft.

"Anyone else?"

Another one goes up reluctantly.

Ernest, whose hand went up first, here bursts out indignantly. "Us wasn't the only ones. There was two others, wasn't there, Tom?"

Tom, arm aloft, nods virtuously. His eyes are fixed on Patrick, who is fidgeting uncomfortably. Beside him, Abraham studies his black finger-nails as though he had just found them.

"We'll waste no more time now. Get on with your sums, and I expect the person who broke the skylight to tell me before the end of the morning."

Abraham arrives first at my desk with his grubby arithmetic

book. In the overpowering aroma of raw onion that emanates from his black corduroy jacket I put briak blue crosses by his efforts.

He leans nearer, his face sparkling. "I done it," he says softly. He looks triumphant.

"Then you will explain to Mr. Henry at dinner-time."

The children mouth at each other behind their hands. Their eyes roll at Abraham as he swaggers back to his place. Patrick suddenly turns pink and whispers something to Abraham. Abraham rounds on him fiercely, one elbow raised.

"You shut up. You knows what you promised," he hisses.

"Well, you shan't then," bursts out Patrick, tears springing, and before our horrified eyes he rushes to the side desk, snatches the longest and glossiest string of conkers, and thrusts them passionately inside his jacket.

"I done it!" he shouts defiantly at the class. "He never!"

Abraham and Patrick now face each other like fighting cocks. Their hair bristles and their hands clench.

"Come here," I command, "both of you. Patrick, what is all this?"

"I was coming to tell you playtime," he gulps. "I done in the window, and Abraham was there too, and he said he'd take the wiggling, if old Henry come out, if I'd give up my conkers to him. But he never—come out, I mean—and I run home. And I'd sooner face old Henry meself than give him my conkers!"

He glares at Abraham, still clutching his bulging jacket.

I assume the mantle of Solomon, and address the tearful Patrick first.

"You should have owned up at once, and saved us all a mint of trouble. Go and apologize to Mr. Henry at once."

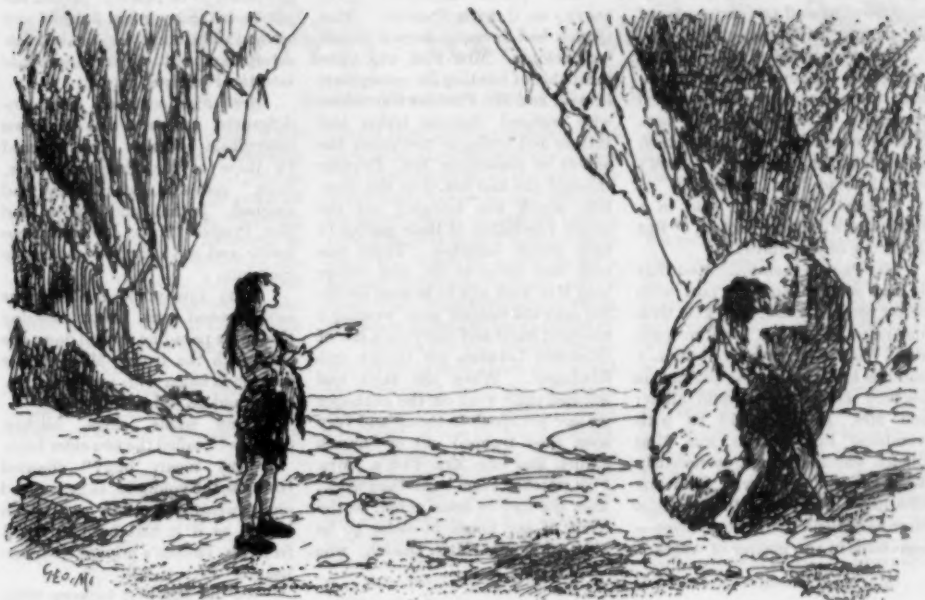
He departs—conkers, tears and all—and I turn to Abraham. He stares at me boldly, with black eyes a thousand years old in wicked wisdom. Solomon's mantle slips a little askew.

"Abraham," I begin hopelessly, "you surely know the difference between right and wrong..."

D. J. SAINT



"... and so to our last lot, gentlemen.  
One auctioneer's bench and gavel."



*"No, dear—I think after all the rock was best where it was before."*

## LIFE WITH THE GROOBYS

*Pest Control*

**A**PART from Mr. Snape, who tends to be obtrusive, we are modest gardeners in our neighbourhood. Mrs. Prudder has a book called *Gardening Week by Week*, from which she dictates to Mr. Prudder, but somehow their garden remains bare and scrappy. Mrs. Fish operates genteelly, wearing gloves and a straw hat and employing for the rough work an aged man named Paucus, whom she underpays and continually suspects of making away with her choicest plants and vegetables. No one quite knows about Miss Quelch's garden, because it is surrounded by a high wall; but the Groobys' is open to view, and anyone who has seen their show of cow-parsley and docks will hardly forget the sight.

It was Miss Quelch who suggested that we should have a little

competition to see who could grow the best cabbage, and Mrs. Fish who thought of combining it with the Women's Institute Garden Fête, at a time when it was known the Snapes would be away. A committee was formed to draw up some rules, and a quite surprising amount of competitive spirit was engendered. Mrs. Prudder let it be known that she was going for the prize "bald-headed," and Mr. Prudder had to take a week off work to catch up with her reading. The effect on the Groobys was also remarkable: for whole days they were not seen at all, and only the agitation of some of the topmost branches of the cow-parsley showed where they were clawing their way down to the good earth.

Everyone was delighted, and a special meeting was held outside our

gate to celebrate the solution of the Grooby Problem. "It was what they needed," Mrs. Fish and Miss Quelch and Mrs. Prudder said to each other. "Just something to occupy them! It was all they needed!" And when they had finished smiling at one another they went off to strengthen their defences against the day when the Groobys should tire of their new pursuit, and we heard Mrs. Fish asking Mrs. Prudder if she thought the body-building tablets she was giving Mr. Prudder would be suitable for Binjie and Plod.

Actually the boys didn't tire of their gardening, and it was Snape who brought them out of their jungle to help him with the sticking of one of his mammoth hedges of peas. Quite what he did to them we never knew, but they worked long hours in his garden and became

highly skilled at weeding and picking caterpillars off the undersides of his gigantic cabbages.

Mrs. Fish watched them as they went along the rows with their jam-jars; then she went down to tell Paucus to do the same with hers. When she had finished, Paucus took a long look at the sky. "I aren't sure," he said, "as I got time."

"Time!" Mrs. Fish said in a voice like a factory hooter. "But this is one of your days!"

Mr. Paucus then intimated that he had secured another post with better prospects, and Mrs. Fish took him into the kitchen to interrogate him. We saw him come out twenty minutes later, looking as pale as his leathery complexion would allow; and Mrs. Prudder told us with trembling lips that it was Miss Quelch who had thus treacherously lured the old man away from one who had always tried to treat him more as a friend than an employee—especially in the matter of wages.

The placid afternoon grew heavy, as if with thunder. Miss Quelch had revealed herself in her true colours. Mrs. Fish was quite incapable of hunting for caterpillars herself, and Mr. Prudder was otherwise engaged, dashing hither and thither and trying to neutralize the effects of something Mrs. Prudder thought she had heard on the wireless, which was bringing out the entire vegetation of their garden in ugly purple blotches. There was only one thing to do, and before long Mrs. Fish was to be seen hovering near the Snapes' gate, wearing a honeyed smile and carrying a bar of chocolate between her thumb and forefinger. When the boys had finished their work on the cabbages we saw her speak to them; and very soon they trooped out of Snape's garden and into Mrs. Fish's. Mrs. Fish watched them begin their work; then she had to come round to the front of her house in order to be able to ignore Miss Quelch, who

happened to be passing. When she got back the boys had finished and seemed to be emptying the last few caterpillars out of their jam-jars into the Prudders' garden.

Mrs. Fish watched them indulgently, unaware that her own caterpillars had now been replaced by those of Mr. Snape. "Now, boys," she said, when they had finished, "is that quite fair to kind Mrs. Prudder?" and she took them inside and gave them each a stale rock-bun.

From this point the Groobys never looked back. Next morning they were parading up and down the road with the trolley Mr. Prudder had made laden with jam-jars, tins, tools, and an old stirrup-pump.

"Any snails, slugs, blights, diseases?" called the two elder boys.

"Any mealy bug!" chanted Graham, the youngest, as he trudged along wearing a cloth cap which looked as if it had been salvaged from Mr. Paucus's private compost-heap.

We did our best to keep them from entering our gardens, but in the long run their enthusiasm was irresistible. During the next few days they did a brisk business redistributing the deadlier garden pests, until, after a spell of damp weather, the whole neighbourhood apart from Mr. Snape's had the look of a testing ground for some new form of inter-planetary warfare.

No one knew what was going on behind Miss Quelch's high wall, but Mrs. Fish was quick to grasp the realities of the situation. Remark- ing that it was clear that the competition would have to be abandoned, she invited Miss Quelch to attend a meeting to wind up the affairs of the committee. "Rightly or wrongly," she said to Mrs. Prudder, "I've never been one to harbour a grudge."

We saw Miss Quelch go into Mrs. Fish's, and there must have been quite a reconciliation scene during the next three and a half hours. Mrs. Prudder was in attendance of course, but Mr. Prudder had to be excused in order to instruct the Groobys in the use of the rope-ladder which he had made for them at the request of Mrs. Fish.

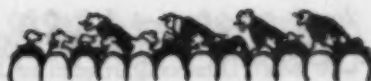


"Come back! Come back!" yelled Old Grumpy Gravitation. But the Little Red Space-Ship didn't hear. He was off to the moon as fast as his supersonic boots would take him."





## AT THE PLAY



### Quadrille (PHOENIX)—Macbeth (MERMAID)

**Q**UADRILLE brings the LUTTS to London, for which we must be grateful, but as a vehicle it is under-powered for so privileged a mission. Wanting a plot for a romantic foursome of the 1870's, Mr. NOEL COWARD has reverted to "Private Lives," but with an important difference: in the earlier play the clash of couples was accidental and therefore dramatic, while in *Quadrille* it is openly contrived and goes for little. No sooner has *Lady Herondale* been blarneyed by the galvanic railroad

that of their opposite numbers, who have fallen most surprisingly in love. The disintegration of the first pair is too easily achieved, and the complications which we feel we have a right to expect in such a very simple story boil down to incursions by a farcical clergyman and by one of those crazy Englishwomen of whom the Alpes Maritimes are never short.

The crisper and crueler handling which modern characters would have received from Mr. COWARD might have saved these tenuous situations; as it is the effect is tepid, only mildly romantic and only mildly funny. With one exception the types are conventional, but the exception is, in my view, the most interesting person Mr. COWARD has ever created. The millionaire may be over-civilized for his boasted origins, but he is a complete character who scores tremendously by the force of his artless sincerity. He is something quite new in Mr. COWARD's gallery, and one will remember the play for the long speech in which he sweeps *Lady Herondale* off her feet with an impassioned paean to the locomotive. No one else could play the part as Mr. LUTT does. Rolling his eyes like an anxious Clydesdale and looking a beef-fed early Shaw, he makes every bolt in his railroad a separate lyric. Miss FONTANKE's material is less exciting, but as always she is beautiful and flawless, and by sheer accomplishment she makes her dialogue sound wittier than it is. In the other corners of the square are puppets. Handicapped as the *Marquis* by the arch language of a Victorian novellette, Mr. GRIFFITH JONES fights a losing battle bravely, and Miss MARIAN SPENCER, saddled with one of Boston's feeble exports, is equally game. Mr. COWARD has put his own polish on an admirable production, to which Mr. CECIL BEATON contributes charming decorations. That he is himself enchanted by the dresses he has given Miss

FONTANKE we are comfortingly informed in a programme advertisement.

At the Mermaid Mr. BERNARD MILES' company is carrying on the experiment begun last year in scientifically determined Elizabethan English. This is interesting, but really only a professors' frolic, which I should be sorry to see go much farther. To the lay ear it is Shakespeare spoken at the squire's end of a West-Country four ale bar, and to the lay eye the laboratory-tested Global gestures that accompany it are remarkably like ours. Mr. MILES' and Miss JOSEPHINE WILSON's performances match an honest, vigorous production by Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD, and the Mermaid's apron stage remains delightful.

#### Recommended

*The River Line* (Lyric, Hammermith) is a fine play, although it over-tortures conscience. Emlyn Williams in *Bleak House* (Ambassadors) should start another Dickens revival. For very light comedy try *The Happy Marriage* (Duke of York's).

ERIC KROWN



[Quadrille]  
Serena—MISS LYNN FONTANKE  
Aunt Diancon—MR. ALFRED LUTT

king from the Middle West into rushing in pursuit of their errant partners—a glaringly improbable proceeding at that date—than we have guessed, with the help of the programme, Mr. COWARD's intention; the station buffet at Boulogne, used in the opening scene for the flight of the *Marquis* and his infatuated railroad queen, is used in the last for



[Macbeth]  
Macbeth—MR. BERNARD MILES



## at the PICTURES



### Casque d'Or—Meet Me To-night

IT's arguable that the "X" certificate can do more harm than good, though probably it is the best way out of a difficult situation. The trouble is that whatever the value, merit, technical accomplishment or significance of a film given an "X" certificate, great crowds of people for whom all those qualities are completely irrelevant will make for it with their tongues hanging out hoping for just one thing—to be shocked, to find what they call "hot stuff." Curiously, it is precisely this frame of mind that is most characteristic of juvenility or adolescence, which in effect makes these people resemble the children and young persons that the "X" certificate is designed to keep away. Thus a considerable proportion of many audiences at *Casque d'Or* (Director: JACQUES BECKER) is bound to be quite incapable of appreciating its excellence; and not only that, but to be likely to spread discontented reports about it afterwards because—though this will hardly be admitted as the reason—it did not turn out to be nearly shocking enough. The story is in essence a melodrama, said to be based on real characters in the Paris

of its period (around 1900); the central figure is Marie—the English title of the piece is *Golden Marie*—a beautiful, notorious woman of the town known as "Casque d'Or" from her helmet-like style of hairdressing. Much of the incident is simple, violent and—if you like—sordid: Marie is one of the kept women of a gang of apaches, and in the set-up of the gang itself some of the familiar situations of the American gang film recur. But the emphasis here is on Marie, and her tragic love for Manda, a young carpenter unwillingly involved with the gang; both SIMONE SIGNORET as Marie and SERGE REGGIANI as Manda give beautiful performances, and the brief episode of happiness they have together at Joinville is as freshly charming as anything in the same director's *Antoine et Antoinette* or *Edouard et Caroline*. Moreover the gang situations are transformed, brought to life by vivid, human, imaginative treatment and a profound visual and intellectual sense of period. For all except the people whose eyes gleam at the sight of "X," this is a film to be seen more than once.

The three short plays from NOËL COWARD's "To-night at 8.30" that are adapted in *Meet Me To-night* (Director: ANTHONY PÉLISSIER) are pure theatre and depend almost entirely on clever performance. They are not in the true sense film material at all. But since they are here performed with extreme skill, and the bigger scale of the film allows us to see all sorts of subtleties of expression that for a theatre audience would be imperceptibly far away, the result is very highly entertaining. In the first of the three, "Red Peppers," TED RAY and KAY WALSH splendidly anatomize the second-rate music-hall act (we see the act itself, not merely their dressing-room fight), giving an acid picture of a pair beating away with boundless vitality at ancient jokes and hackneyed business (it's

interesting to hear in the audience the people who keep that sort of act alive being honestly puzzled about whether they're supposed to laugh). The second is "Fumed Oak," the horrible suburban family; the tendency to reprove Mr. COWARD for this is no doubt dictated by the belief that the audience will be full of people just like those portrayed. The third, as the most artificial, "glamorous" (rich house-party in the South of France) and contrived of the lot, was no doubt put last to send the customers away happy, but even that has much good fun.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

What to recommend among the London shows? A new British one called *The Planter's Wife* is good; otherwise there's little to mention but the last appearance of LOUIS JOUVET in *Histoire d'Amour* (17/9/52) and the latest, unexpectedly interesting version of *Les Misérables* (17/9/52).

Releases include two examples of efficient entertainment: *Affair in Trinidad* (10/9/52) and *Room for One More* (20/8/52).

RICHARD MALLETT



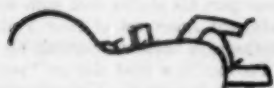
[*Casque d'Or*

*Golden Marie*—SIMONE SIGNORET

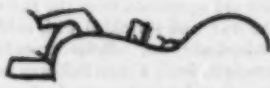


[*Meet Me To-night*

*Miss Mabel Grace*—MARTITA HUNT



## BOOKING OFFICE



## Topography: East and West

**First and Last Loves.** John Betjeman. Murray, 20/-.

**Golden Earth.** Norman Lewis. Cape, 18/-.

**The Amazing Amazon.** Willard Price. Heinemann, 18/-.

**MR. JOHN BETJEMAN**, who would have chosen to be a late Georgian, hates the dullness of the present ascendancy of the average over the best. Plastic toucans and by-pass villas and all our half-baked uniformity fill him with a depression that spills over fiercely in a preface to *First and Last Loves* which is almost unanswerable except by the priggish question, "Would you rather the underdog had stayed under?" But even the touchiest champions of the least defensible parts of "progress" should give him credit for being, though a man of proved sensibility, most commendably not an aesthetic anob.

In this wide-ranging collection of essays and broadcasts he stands aside from the accepted fashions of his generation to make up his own mind, finding beauty in Welsh chapels and much to admire in Leeds and Swindon; and this determination to sift the good from the bad is shown again in an illustrated survey of Victorian architecture that forces us to put away the dark glasses of prejudice. He can be very unreasonable (about Civil Servants, for instance, and "business bishops"), and apologies in his preface for earlier phobias, since reconsidered, scarcely make up for publishing them again in controversial pieces, in which time has dimmed the point. In most of the book, however, his ferocity is forgotten in his enthusiasm as a lover: of churches, railways (so long as they are painted in their proper colours), and unsung oddities. Here the poet in Mr. Betjeman takes over from the critic, to enjoy a wet ghostly journey through oil-lit stations, or a shop at Cheltenham that still keeps ladies' hats large enough to house a pinnacle of coiled hair. Even Civil Servants will find it hard to be angry with a writer of such originality, who is not ashamed of deep affection. Included are some nice drawings of chapels by Mr. John Piper. These seem to have been done when he was short of clean paper, but not, fortunately, of scraps of music and old letters.

While Mr. Betjeman is shot at only by people like me, real bullets whistle, though not very malevolently, through the topography of Mr. Norman Lewis. When he went to Burma last year his first discovery was that "travel had become almost as slow as in the days of Marco Polo, and probably more hazardous." In spite of that he reached Myitkyina in the north and Mergui in the south; and he found a country of great beauty in a state of political chaos, torn by meaningless insurrections through which the Burmese continued to behave courteously, dress exquisitely and enjoy every moment of their ample leisure, ignoring the squalor in which most of them live. The monk still ranks higher in Burma than the millionaire, but all the trashiest in

Western culture has taken root, and Mr. Lewis evidently thinks it a toss-up whether this charming race of craftsmen will pull itself together on its own lines, or go down a victim to the neon-sign philosophy. *Golden Earth*, which has excellent photographs by the author, is emphatically better than the usual travel book. A shrewd and humorous observer, Mr. Lewis takes us with him every inch.

One cannot quite say the same of Mr. Willard Price's *The Amazing Amazon*, which stupefies the reader with statistics before plunging off into a loosely-knit series of personal adventures. But though it is written in the style of over-informative journalism, it has many surprising things to tell us about a country potentially rich beyond calculation. The development of Brazil has only just begun. Against a League of Nations estimate that she could support nine hundred million people, she now has one person to two square miles. Her immense natural resources, which remain largely untapped, were considered indispensable to the Allies in the last war, and in future world politics she seems bound to play a vital part.

ERIC KNOWL

**The Fated Sky.** Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté. Hutchinson, 18/-.

Royal Air Force readers, especially the older generation (it comes as a shock to realize that anything as young as aeronautics already has its septuagenarians), will find plenty to entertain them in Sir Philip Joubert's autobiography, full of tales of old friends



and old squadrons from the R.F.C. days to the end of the war, and sprinkled with sidelights on the familiar whimsicality of official procedure which may, for example, fetch a man half-way across the world to tell him that he isn't wanted after all. But the general reader, who despite the author's achievement and distinction remembers him chiefly (and with gratitude) for the wartime broadcasts which became such a burden and anxiety to him, will perhaps expect more "thrills" in the life story of an airman. Modesty is all very well, but it should not obscure—at any rate in an autobiography—details of the personal perils and adventures only hinted at here. We read that the author "perspired with fright" at the B.B.C., but have little idea what he felt when clearing the topmost peaks of the Himalayas by a mere hundred feet. Perhaps it is a form of that understatement which the R.A.F. has made its own.

J. B. B.

**Hellbox.** John O'Hara. Faber, 12/6

These twenty-six stories, most of which appeared originally in the *New Yorker*, are uniformly readable, titillating and exasperating. Exasperating, because they are too short to do more than whet the appetite. We are introduced to a set of interesting people and given a glimpse of their tangled affairs and emotions, and then, with no more than a whimper, the episode fades. A pity, for in nearly every case there is the promise of richer, more substantial fare. But Mr. O'Hara is one of the most percipient and trenchant of American writers and his hors d'œuvres, which seldom fail to excite or amuse, often interpret the bourgeois, metropolitan, transatlantic way of life in brilliant

fashion. For the most part his stories deal with the disenchanted, self-indulgent smart set of New York, but this collection contains a delicious portrait of a film-struck youth ("Pardner"), a neat skit on "poor white" shiftlessness ("Life Among the Unforgettable Characters") and a highly dramatic account of a white Texan's visit to Harlem ("Ellie"). Strongly recommended.

A. B. H.

**A Book of Flowers.** Compiled by Edith Sitwell. Macmillan, 18/-

This anthology of flowers, wild and tame, is a highly Sitwellian medley which will delight those who share the exclusive tastes of the trio and alternately interest and infuriate those who don't. Its real finds are some admirable items of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century gardening lore: not the usual Gerard and Parkinson, though extracts from these are well chosen, but such pleasant and recondite wisdom as that of Louis XIV's head gardener, translated by Evelyn. There are also many old recipes. The poems chosen are preponderantly seventeenth-century; though congenial outsiders like Blake, Christopher Smart, Hopkins and the Sitwells themselves are admitted. There is some pretty well-worn Herrick; but the most cherished flowers in the language are cold-shouldered: Wordsworth's daffodils, for instance, Tennyson's daisy and Barnes' "summer clove." One misses such Georgians as Curtis, whose *Flora Londiniensis* discovers lilies of the valley at Hampstead, travellers' joy along Lewis-ham turnpike and white violets in the copes at Croydon.

H. P. E.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**People of the Deer.** Farley Mowat. Michael Joseph, 15/-. Caribou and inland Eskimo in the Canadian Barrens, where fat is the mainstay of life, nothing ever decays and anger is the only indecency. Astonishing, sometimes frightening, but wholly convincing account of a doomed society in outlandish conditions; no credit to the white intruders. Author has, and reader should cultivate, "Arctic fever"—and a strong stomach.

**Happy Returns.** Angela Thirkell. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6. Those acquainted with present-day Barsetshire will best enjoy this novel with its many happy returns of characters from the author's earlier books. She tells her tale largely in conversations, sometimes bewildering or boring, often witty or wise. Very socially conscious, though not irritatingly snobbish, it is a pleasant example of her work.

**Goddess Island.** Georges Blond. Socker and Warburg, 12/6. The story, competently translated from the French, of an island in the Polar sea, and its invasion by Russian seal-hunters in the eighteenth century, contrasting—not in the latter's favour—the ruthlessness and cruelty of nature with that of mankind.

**The Gown of Glory.** Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Collins, 12/6. Sugar and spice (thank goodness for the spice) and all things nice are the ingredients of this story about a New England minister and his family. The date is fifty years ago, and the problems, financial and human, are common to the lot of most parsons. It is a kindly and delightful book.

**A Throne of Bayonets.** Kevin FitzGerald. Heinemann, 10/6. Granted the tomfool here couldn't have remained in the Secret Service a week, and his adventures are wildly contrived, yet this gaudy farrago of espionage and sharpshooting in London and Snowdonia has action and suspense enough for the most bloodthirsty killer-thriller addict.

**The Black-Eyed Stranger.** Charlotte Armstrong. Peter Davies, 10/6. Kidnapping plot in New York foiled by uncharacteristic heroism of seedy hero. A bit overwritten and solemn, but exciting in both character and incident.



"How do you beware of a bull, pop?"



## STORM IN AN EGG-CUP

"Do you mind," Mrs. Todd asked, "if I interrupt your writing?"

Now Mr. Todd did, but he was much too polite to say so. So he merely said "Well, dear?"

Mrs. Todd missed the slight nuance of reproach. "I only wanted to know if you'd like an egg," she said brightly.

"I see."

"Well, would you?"

Mr. Todd said "Yes." He said it very absently indeed, on purpose, to prove how busy he was.

"You might say please," Mrs. Todd suggested.

"Please."

Mrs. Todd turned to leave, but paused at the door. "Have you any idea what you're talking about?" she asked.

"No," said Mr. Todd, taken aback. "What?"

"There you are! I knew you didn't know what you were saying! We were discussing an egg."

Mr. Todd contorted his face to indicate mental activity. "For tea?"

"Naturally."

"Yes, I'll have an egg if you want one. Didn't I say so?"

"I'm trying to find out," Mrs. Todd said, "whether you want an egg or not. I know already whether I want one."

"And I," said Mr. Todd impressively, "am trying to concentrate. This story will, I hope, buy us dozens of eggs. Hundreds, possibly."

This, he felt, ought to send his wife away suitably withered. But apparently he had misjudged her.

"I am only asking you," she said, "to concentrate on one egg. One, furthermore, which happens to be already laid. Now—egg or no egg?"

"I don't care," Mr. Todd sulked. "I don't know."

"You must know. Either you would like an egg or you wouldn't. You're either just dying for one or else the very thought of it makes you sick. You can't just not know."

Her tone was extremely reasonable. A wife, Mr. Todd reflected, is

never more annoying than when she is being reasonable.

"I WILL HAVE AN EGG," he announced in block capitals.

"I'm not deaf," Mrs. Todd mentioned. "I may say that lots of wives would just give you what was easiest and let you lump it."

"I dare say they would."

"It's a nice thing when a wife can't ask her husband a simple question without having her head bitten off."

Mr. Todd felt that he ought to apologize, but he was blown if he would. He decided to be adamant.

He sat back in his chair, looking adamant as hard as he could.



"You look," Mrs. Todd said dispassionately, "as if your trousers are too tight."

She went and Mr. Todd sighed. He gathered together his bits of paper. He refilled his pipe. He decided that he didn't feel like a pipe and lit a cigarette instead. He composed himself.

The door opened again.

"Boiled!" Mrs. Todd asked innocently. "Fried? Poached? Scrambled?"

"Whichever way you like," Mr. Todd said.

"Which way you like," Mrs. Todd said.

Obviously, they couldn't go on

after - you - Claude - after - you -  
Ceiling one another all afternoon.

"Boiled," Mr. Todd said.

"Sure?"

Mr. Todd suspected that he had said the wrong thing. "Poached, then."

"That means toast."

Apparently Mrs. Todd was anti-toast.

"Boiled," Mr. Todd decided again.

"Well, make your mind up!"

"BOILED!"

"Temper!" Mrs. Todd said, and went.

Mr. Todd tried to compose himself again. He sat back, closed his eyes and attempted to clear his mind of all matters extraneous to his professional labours. Immediately his mind filled up like a well-patronized dust-bin.

He found himself considering Sunday's golf match; a wasp on the curtains; the peculiar flavour of his cigarette; a radio programme seeping in from outside; the pattern on the wallpaper...

He closed his eyes more firmly. He resolved to banish all these things completely.

He was tremendously successful. Within five minutes his mind was a complete blank. Unfortunately, he had also quite banished the important point on which he had originally been trying to concentrate. He read

all the bits of paper again to find out where he had got to.

Everything clicked. All was well. He composed himself.

The door opened.

"Tea!" Mrs. Todd called, with the inflection of a harbinger of good news.

Mr. Todd laid everything down and went into tea.

His egg, boiled, was perching in his cup.

He took his place at the table and cracked his egg. He looked at Mrs. Todd's plate to see whether she needed salt.

He looked up in surprise.

"Aren't you having an egg?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd pulled a face and said ooh no, she simply couldn't face it.

"Then what are you having?"

"Nothing much." Mrs. Todd's voice was resigned and patient. "I'd rather fancied some sardines actually, but it hardly seemed worth opening a tin just for myself. Especially," she added wistfully, "when you seemed so keen on having a boiled egg."

§ §

"NEXT WEEK: Somerset Maugham's  
FRANKIE HOWARD  
With Big Supporting Variety Company."  
Advt. in *Bradford Telegraph*

But wait for Sadie Thompson and her performing sea-lions.

§ §

## HIPPOMANIAC

MY daughter's conversation  
Is exclusively of horse:  
Of snaffle-bit and saddle-soap,  
Of leading-rein and lunging-rope,  
Of sickle-hock and pastern-slope—  
And Foxhunter, of course.

My daughter's bookshelves overflow  
With books about the beast:  
*She Loved Her Pony, Saddle Lore,*  
*Gymkhana Jane, The Horse Next*  
*Door,*  
*Matilda Never Rode Before—*  
Three score of them, at least.

My daughter's bedroom walls are  
crammed

From ceiling to the floor:  
With Palamino, Arab Bays,  
With Lippizaners, Windsor Greys,  
With Quaggas, Cobs and Dziggetais—  
And half a hundred more.

I like the horse, I love my child,  
But—this is where it's sad—  
The two together, night and  
day,  
Will drive me mad.

D. J. SAINT



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproduction or imitation of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

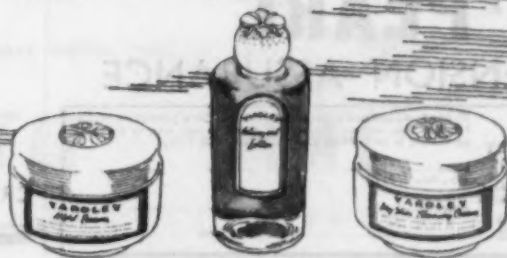
Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1885. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2s.; Canada 1s.; Elsewhere Overseas 2s. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Ireland 20s.; Overseas 25s. (U.S.A. \$5.00; Canada 24/- or \$4.00).



### Can you stand critical eyes?

Not unless you realise that make-up alone is not enough. If your skin is to be really beautiful, simple care with Yardley is essential. Never be slack about removing grime and make-up with soap and water, afterwards using Dry Skin Cleansing Cream and Toning Lotion. If your skin is greasy, substitute Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Astringent Lotion. Once or twice a week, condition your face and neck with Night Cream. Its bland richness vitalises your skin, and keeps it clear and smooth.

# YARDLEY



33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

Brunel Olivetti Ltd 10 Berkeley Square London W1  
Standard - Electric - Portable - Telex - Printing - Calculators - Adding - Lining - Machines



'I can do some  
really nice typing  
now they have given me  
an Olivetti.'

•  
•  
•  
•  
•

100/70

Be sure a  
**PEARL**  
PENSION  
FIGURES  
in your  
future

Send the enquiry  
form below for full  
details of how you  
can

SECURE A

**PEARL**  
PENSION ASSURANCE

**£450 for YOU**  
A YEAR  
plus guaranteed bonus  
at age 65. For women the  
income would be slightly  
smaller.

OR

**£5000 for YOU**  
IN CASH  
plus guaranteed bonus  
The choice is yours.

OR

**£5000 for your FAMILY**  
plus assured guaranteed  
income in the event of  
your death before 65  
Premium Payments rank for Income Tax relief

★  
**ENQUIRY  
FORM**

(1) Stamp only if  
envelope unopened

Post 91  
(24-9-52)

To PEARL ASSURANCE Co Ltd., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1  
I should like, without committing myself in any way, to have full  
particulars of your PENSION ASSURANCE Policy.

Name  
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address

Date of Birth



MU 600  
Brown grain  
antique finish

## Before you buy another pair of shoes . . .

What a joy it is, in these days, to handle  
something so thoroughly good as a pair  
of "Health" Brand shoes!

Their manly shapeliness will endure and  
acquire character—because it conforms,  
not to a fashionable fantasy, but to the  
natural form of your active feet.

And the leather! Rich, supple, stout-  
hearted. Quality tanned and specially  
chosen for its purpose.

Workmanship and finish make them 'just  
the job'—Crockett & Jones' Northampton  
craftsmen see to that. Prices start at 79/9.  
Even these staunch soles will one day need  
repair. By then they'll have earned every  
penny it costs, whilst the gallant uppers,  
good for many a long day yet, will deserve  
the best resoling money can buy.



it will pay you to ask for

CROCKETT & JONES'

**Health Brand**  
SHOES

Address of your nearest stockist sent on request to

CROCKETT & JONES LTD · NORTHAMPTON





# B.O.A.C. *Comet* JETLINER

Combines speed with comfort and  
elegance — at no extra cost



The whole world knows of the *Comet* jetliner... knows about its speed, comfort and vibration-free performance.

On May 2nd the *Comet* blazed an historic 8-mile-a-minute trail from London to Johannesburg at 35-40,000 feet. By June 1st this first jetliner service in the world had been increased from one to three flights a week in each direction.

But that was only the beginning... Last month *Comet* jetliners were introduced on the London-Bombay-Colombo route. In a few months' time *Comets* also will be flying regular scheduled services between London and the Far East. The whole world will be seeing even more of this fabulous jetliner as additional *Comet* services are introduced on world-wide B.O.A.C. air routes.

Plan now to enjoy the advantages of jetliner travel that only B.O.A.C. can offer. There is no sensation of distance dropping behind at eight miles a minute. The absence of vibration reduces travel fatigue to the vanishing point. You arrive rested and relaxed — hours sooner than ever before.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU



Consult your local Travel Agent or B.O.A.C.,  
Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (Victoria  
2323) or 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAYfair 0611)

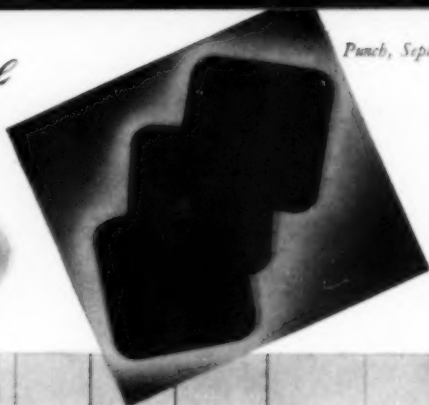
FLY BRITISH BY B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

*Britain's most beautiful range  
of Kitchen Equipment....*

*Punch, Sept 24 1952*

*Softglow*  
FORMICA TOPS



LGB

*A housewife cannot but be gay...*

The "SOFTGLOW" worktops of these exciting new furnishings, styled to line up with standard "English Rose" equipment, bring an atmosphere of gaiety and colourful warmth. "SOFTGLOW" is available in Scarlet-Red, Steel-Blue or Amulet-Green shown above. You can spill ammonia, ink, fruit juice on this tough, smooth sur-

face; you can put hot dinner plates on it, or you can submit it to ordeal by hot fat. Then—a swish of a damp cloth and it glows like a jewel—faster than you can read this sentence. The newly designed end-units are both decorative and utilitarian, and the many advantages of the double sink are worthy of investigation.

Obtainable as a complete kitchen or single units.  
Please write for Publication ERV.50 for full details.

**C.S.A. INDUSTRIES LIMITED, WARWICK**

**LONDON SHOWROOMS: 229-231 REGENT STREET, W.1. TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 9975**

*English Rose*  
REGD. TRADE MARK  
**KITCHEN EQUIPMENT**

*how nice to have  
constant hot water*



*by "pure heat"*

Hot water controlled automatically without stoking and firing, and

hot enough for washing-up, for the bath and for washday. These heaters are fitted into the hot water tank or cylinder and give you daily service unattended for years on end. Write for literature and consult your local electrical supplier for advice on your own installation.

**Hotpoint electric appliances**

THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD. PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND

LONDON OFFICE & SHOWROOMS:  
CROWN HOUSE, ALDWYCH.  
SCOTLAND: WEST CAMPBELL ST. GLASGOW.  
IRE: SUFFOLK ST. DUBLIN. BIRMINGHAM  
BOURNEMOUTH. BRISTOL. CARDIFF. LEEDS  
MANCHESTER. NEWCASTLE. NORWICH  
NOTTINGHAM. READING

Member of the A.E.I. group of companies



Please tick literature required

Washing Machines, Ironing Machines, Clothes Dryer, Refrigerators, Water Heaters, Cleaners, Toasters, Irons, Fuses, Boiling rings, Boiling plates, Pans, Kitchen Sinks and Cabinets.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

W.H.Z.

PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND

## Aristoc is giving stocking fashions a new twist

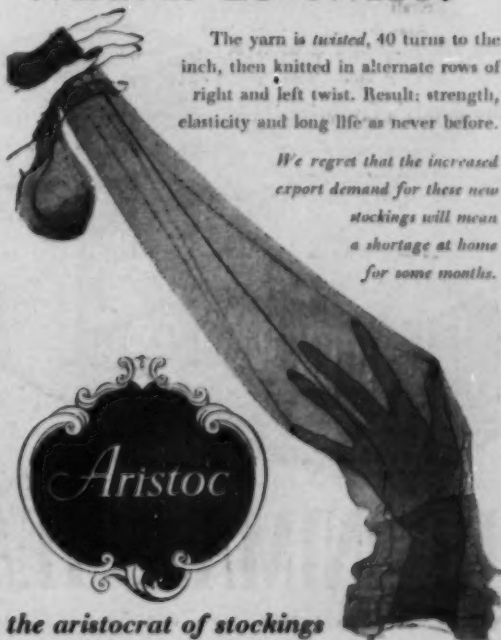
GOODWOOD are 15-denier 51-gauge nylons knitted in the new fabulous 40-twist. There's a new form of welt, too, to make these sheerly beautiful stockings even more flexible and long-wearing. Set out to look for them today... at 9/11 per pair!

ASCOT, too, have all the advantages of 40-twist in 15-denier nylon monofil, knitted by the exclusive new process in 60-gauge. Add the new welt... and you'll see why they cling and stretch, so happily... at 11/- per pair.

## What is 40-twist?

The yarn is twisted, 40 turns to the inch, then knitted in alternate rows of right and left twist. Result: strength, elasticity and long life as never before.

*We regret that the increased export demand for these new stockings will mean a shortage at home for some months.*



*the aristocrat of stockings*

*I'm choosing—*  
it's my privilege

"No more taking just  
anything that's offered!

Now I choose

and insist upon

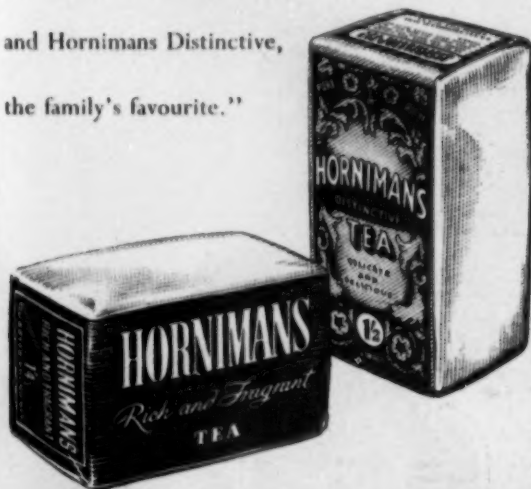
the blends I prefer:

Hornimans Rich & Fragrant,

a real connoisseur's tea;

and Hornimans Distinctive,

the family's favourite."



**HORNIMANS TEA**

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.I. EST. 1826

## Grouchy grammarian declines "irregularity"



Poor old Erasmus. Once he was the best syntax-collector in the business. Now he's like a subject without an object. "Hail," I said. "Served any long sentences lately?" "Nothing but bad language," rasped Erasmus. "If I don't find something for this constipation of mine, I shall become a past participle. Figuratively, I feel like a smoked-out pipe."

"Literally," I said, "a pipe is the trouble."

"?" said Erasmus, with inverted eyebrows.

"The pipe I mean," I said, "is the one you have inside you. It's 30 ft. long, and your intestinal muscles have to pull everything you eat through it. But, nowadays, when we eat mostly soft, starchy food, they have nothing to grip on, and their punctuation breaks down."

"What happens then?" asked Erasmus, parenthetically.

"A bad case of catalectic ana-coluthon," I said, "caused by a full-stop in your colon. The net result is constipation, and you become the victim of all the irreg-

ular verbs. What you need," I said, "is bulk."

"No more medicines for me!" pouted Erasmus.

"Agreed," I said. "You'll give your system all the bulk it needs simply by having All-Bran for breakfast every morning. You'll like it a lot, and it'll soon make you 'regular.'"

"I wish I were sure," said Erasmus, submissively.

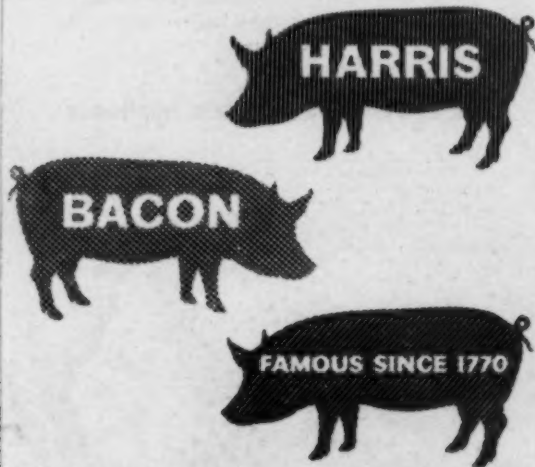
I was, of course; and when I met Erasmus a week later, wearing a grin like a split infinitive, I said: "So you feel better, eh?"

"I do, indeed," declared Erasmus. "That marvellous All-Bran made me 'regular' in four days! Does everybody know how good it is?"

"That," I said, "is a rhetorical question."

**WHY KILLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION**

Eaten with absolute regularity, Killogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

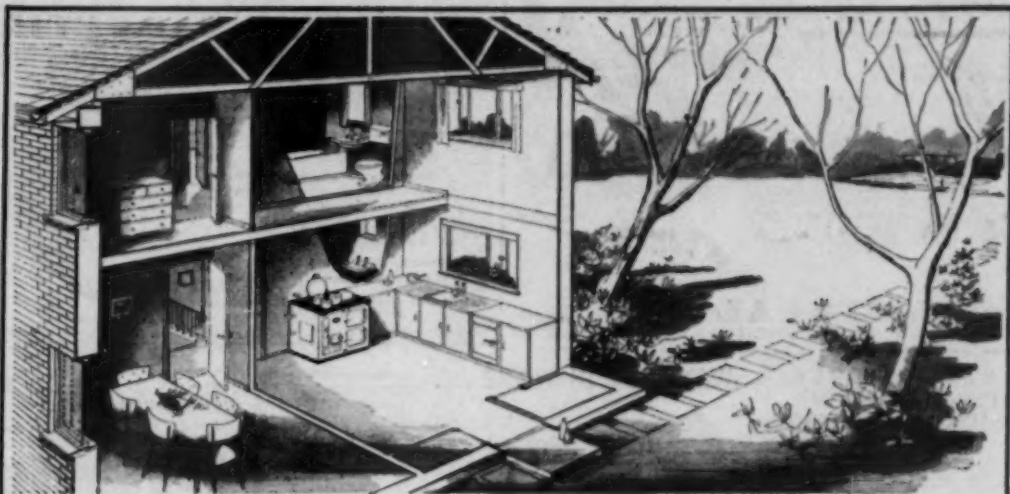


How quickly we grow old! It was in the late Seventeen Hundred's that the first John Harris set himself up in a butcher's shop at Calne . . . and devised the famous Wiltshire way of curing a bacon pig. For the past century or so, thanks to Harris enterprise, Calne has been the 'bacon town' of Britain . . . and the source also of superlative Wiltshire sausages and pork pies. Today all bacon is unbranded, but the other tasty dishes bearing the good name of Harris may still on occasion be found and enjoyed.



C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD., CALNE, WILTS.





## Spare a thought for your house's **AGA**TECTURE

*Agatecture!*

*Agatecture?*

*What on earth is that?*

*It is many things. Let us consider two of them.*

1. First, the sort of house you see in the picture. This is the house that ought to have the Aga CB in its kitchen.

Think what the Aga CB does:

The most luxurious cooking in the world. Two hotplates, each more than a foot across. The left one boils water at a pint a minute from cold, and grills, fries and toasts. The right one, for simmering, won't even let milk boil over. Two large ovens: the roasting oven is big enough for a 20 lb. turkey; the simmering oven (even larger) is perfect for overnight cooking, and keeps hot meals hot for hours without drying up.

Fully automatic water-heating: while your cooking is going on, and without affecting it in any way; enough for three full baths a day, and all the washing up and washing. AND it keeps the kitchen cool in summer, warm in winter.

However much you use your Aga it is guaranteed not to burn more than 3½ tons of coke, anthracite or Phurnacite in a year.

Think what this means. All your cooking and all your hot water for a fuel cost of something like 1/- a day (if you burn coke). Reckon up how much you pay for these

things now. Work out how much the Aga saves you.

Suppose it saves you 1/6 a day. That is enough to buy the Aga for you.

Now for the work it saves. The Aga never goes out; no chilly morning chore with sticks and paper: the Aga never needs adjusting or 'seeing to'; it is controlled by thermostat — everything ready, all the time, at exactly the right temperature. No ashes, no smoke, no fumes in your kitchen; no soot on your utensils; nothing to do but be proud and happy.



This is the **AGA**

2. Supposing you have central heating, too—or want much more hot water?

That means you need a separate boiler. But how about food?

The Aga Model C is the cooker for you: it does everything that the CB does except that it has no boiler — and it cannot, however much you use it, burn more than 2½ tons of fuel in a year.

Beside your Aga is the place to put the Agamatic boiler. This is a boiler that never goes out, never has tantrums, and never needs adjusting. The water is always hot, whenever you want it. No dampers to fiddle and fumble with. No burned fingers or skinned knuckles. Nothing to worry about. It has the same thermostat control as the Aga cooker, and it is just as good to look at.



This is the **AGAMATIC**

*Interesting, isn't it? If you want to find out all the facts and figures for yourself, why not write for leaflets straight away, while it is in your mind? The address is:—*

**AGA HEAT LTD.** 2/2 Orchard House, Orchard Street, W.1. The words '**AGA**' and '**AGAMATIC**' are registered trade marks of Aga Heat, Ltd.

A young man called  
Jean-Louis Paul,  
An engaging and deep-  
thinking Gaul,  
Said, "Ah! Now I see  
"Why the English drink tea;  
"They 'ave what you call a **TECAL**!"



- Makes tea or coffee automatically while you sleep
- Calls you when it's brewed
- Gives correct time
- Provides shaving water
- Attractive lamp lights

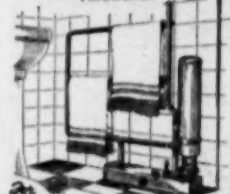
Price 11 Guineas  
from Best Retailers



**Hawkins TECAL** Details on request from  
L. G. Hawkins & Co., Ltd., 36-38, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

### DUAL-PURPOSE HOT WATER TOWEL RAIL and HEATER COMBINED

Pat. No. 607,033



#### BATHROOMS, KITCHENS & BEDROOMS

- 12 hours heat for 3d.
- 3 days continuous burning
- Morris Blue Flame paraffin burner
- Obscure and safe
- 40" high, 30" wide, 7 1/2" deep.

Please write for names of nearest stockists to the  
manufacturers:

**MORRIS HEATING APPLIANCES LTD.**  
Dept. P. 14, York Road, Battersea, S.W.11  
Telephone: BATTERSEA 30130

### "MELANYL"

**THE MARKING INK  
MARKS LINEN  
INDELIBLY**

### REMOVALS HOULTS LTD.

LONDON OFFICE: The Depositories  
Chancery Road, Georgetown, N.14  
Tel.: PALMER GREEN 1167-8

Also at NEWCASTLE, GARRIST, GLASGOW

#### STORAGE

### JUST LOOK IN THERE...

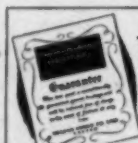


... a golden mixture, rising to perfection,  
safe from draughty door-opening, always  
under your watchful eye through the  
Vulcan Glass Panel! Guaranteed unbreak-  
able and fireproof, it retains full oven-heat  
and does not steam over. With automatic  
regulator to keep correct temperature  
constant, your oven-cooking is double-controlled. Other Vulcan  
features include closing cover-plate, fully furnished oven, clean,  
compact design—all you've ever wished for in a gas cooker! See a  
Vulcan at your local gas showroom and write for illustrated brochure.

### Vulcan

DOUBLE-CONTROL GAS COOKING  
**THE VULCAN STOVE CO. LTD.,  
EXETER**

Associated Company of United Gas Industries  
Limited.



- ★ Every Vulcan  
Glass Panel  
Door carries this  
unconditional  
guarantee against  
breakage.

### Carpet your rooms ALL OVER with 'MAYFAIR' CARPETING

#### HALF THE PRICE OF A 'SQUARE'

Mayfair Needleloom Carpeting, in choice of  
9 lovely shades of class-woolen felt, is rubber-  
backed for long wear and ease of handling.  
Easily cut to fit flush into rooms and around  
fireplaces, it lies dead-flat at once; needs no  
binding, no sewing, no underfelt. Long-  
wearing and lovely to walk on.

Colours: Heather, Fawn, Brown, Red, Blue,  
Rust, Rose-Pink, Grey or Green.

In two qualities:

Full  
thickness  
**9 1/2"** per  
yard  
12" wide  
Half  
thickness  
**7 1/2"** per  
yard  
12" wide

Also available 27", 36" and 54" wide.

#### SLIP MATS in above colours 27" x 12" 36" x 27" 48" x 18" 60" x 24"

Samples 1/- (returnable). Send 1/- for sample pieces of 9  
lovely colours to choose from.

**MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS LTD.** (Dept. 6a) 16, Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4

The right spirit  
for any season.

### Prunier

B & S Cognac

An incomparably good Cognac  
brandy, B & S is specially blended  
for taking neat and for mixing with  
plain or soda water. Any way—it's  
an enjoyable drink and a real pick-  
me-up. Obtainable  
from your local  
wine merchant  
and leading  
London  
stores.  
Ask for  
Prunier  
B & S  
gift  
case.



Special  
offer  
**44/-**

Full size bottle of Prunier  
B & S Cognac at usual price  
44/- plus two liqueur glasses  
free in gift case.

**J. PRUNIER & CO. LTD.**  
80 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

### Somebody's going to need Alka-Seltzer for Indigestion!



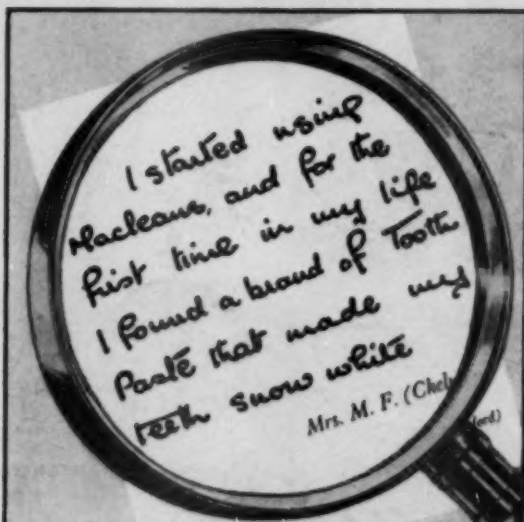
Indigestion caused by hurried or  
unwise eating is quickly relieved by  
one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets  
dissolved in hot or cold water.  
Speedy Alka-Seltzer neutralizes  
excess stomach acid, and brings  
quick relief from dis-  
comfort as millions of  
people have found. At  
all chemists.



### AN ECCLES PRODUCT

When something out of the ordinary is  
required for an internal transport job—Eccles  
are the people to consult. We manufacture  
Factory Trucks and Trailers to suit any  
particular trade. Send for Catalogue of  
Standard and Special Trucks.

**ECCLES  
(BIRMINGHAM) LTD.**  
19, HAZELWELL LANE,  
BIRMINGHAM, 10  
Telephone: KINGS HEATH 1181 (P.O.B.)



Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?



**MACLEANS**  
**Peroxide Tooth Paste**  
**makes teeth**  
**WHITER**

IN THREE SIZES: 1/3, 1/8 AND 2/4

## How to reduce the 'Time-lag' in the treatment of Rheumatism

Despite half a century of painstaking research, there is still no unanimity of opinion regarding the causation of rheumatic diseases. Treatment is therefore necessarily symptomatic and directed to the relief of pain.

Massage has long been the treatment of choice. But in severe cases, adequate massage cannot begin at once; the affected muscles are too taut and tender. Days or even weeks may have to elapse before the patient can benefit from the stimulating effects of deep massage.

This "time-lag" has now been eliminated by the use of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.

Gentle massage over the affected myalgic spots with this cream brings rapid relief from pain and permits of more intensive treatment than would otherwise be possible.

Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream is obtainable through all chemists including Boots and Vasey's, White's & Tylers, at 3/- and 7/- a jar.

**Howard Lloyd & Co. Ltd.**

LEICESTER & LONDON

Makers of Vasey Pharmaceuticals to the Medical Profession since 1880



## Just what the Doctor ordered!

"... 'In my opinion there is no better way of learning a foreign language.'"

G.W.B. (M.B.)

"I must send you an expression of appreciation for your help during the past few months. Thanks to this our holiday was a triumphant success. We explored many of the lesser known parts of old Paris—the 'Quartier Latin' and Montmartre, as well as nooks and by-ways of quaint old Barbizon and Chartres."

"I look forward to spending my next holiday in the South of France."

"I am determined, too, that before visiting Holland again I shall avail myself of the Linguaphone Course in Dutch! In my opinion there is no better way of learning a foreign language."

G.W.B. (M.B.)

**WRITE FOR 34-PAGE BOOK AND WEEK'S FREE TRIAL**

You learn quickly by Linguaphone because you enjoy learning. You listen to expert native teachers speaking on gramophone records, with perfect intonation. As you listen you fol-

low in the illustrated text-book the words your teacher is using. Soon you become an exact, perfect and word-perfect that you are able to begin speaking, reading and writing fluently.

### LINGUAPHONE FOR LANGUAGES

Courses in 28 languages including French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Polish.

**POST THIS COUPON**

NAME (Block caps)  
ADDRESS

TO THE LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE (DEPT. B.4),  
LINGUAPHONE HOUSE, 50, MARKET STREET, LONDON, W.1.  
Please send me, post free, your 34-page book about the quick, new and easy way of learning languages. I am interested in the following language (I have chosen to learn French).

Where lies the Land  
to which yon Ship must go?  
Fresh as a lark  
morning at break of day,  
Festively she  
puts forth in trim array,  
Is she for tropic suns,  
or polar snow?



What boots the enquiry?  
-Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for; let her  
travel where she may,  
She finds  
familiar names, a boat  
may  
Ever before her,  
and a wind to blow.

William Wordsworth, 1807

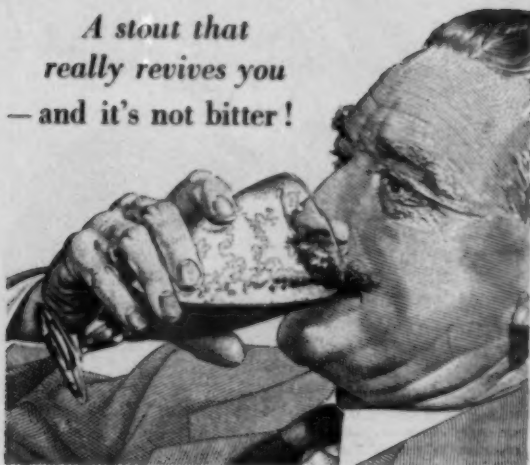
Over the years, the House of State Express has had the privilege  
of supplying the world's most famous shipping lines.

**STATE EXPRESS 555**

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD



*A stout that  
really revives you  
— and it's not bitter!*

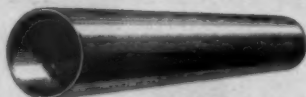


*Although the slightly bitter taste of most stout is widely liked, some people prefer the smoother, softer flavour of Mackeson's. They find a new lease of life in every glass — welcome indeed when the long day's work is done.*

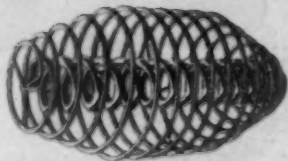
**MACKESON'S**  
... you'll like it better!

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITEHEAD

**This carbon steel tube**



**can be manipulated to  
this**



**when you say  
TALBOT STEAD**

Talbot Stead's experience in the making of cold-drawn seamless tubes is matched by their skill in manipulating them—to almost any requirement for almost every industry. COMPANY

TALBOT STEAD TUBE CO. LTD - GREEN LANE - WALSALL



*nulli secundus and  
hats off to no one*

Enough of this modesty, this cult of the understatement, this hiding of our lights under bushels, this unwillingness to come right out with it and say that we are good. So here goes. We are good. And the reason for this unwonted effusion of self-pride? We have produced a thoroughly good portable typewriter, cleanly made, precise in working, strong yet light enough for you to run for a train while carrying it. It's called the Good Companion and it's a peach of a machine. But it's not simply the goodness of the machine itself that makes us so proud; it's the fact that we can produce such an unreasonably good portable typewriter for such a reasonable price.



Prices from £22. 10. 0

**• Imperial**

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED · LEICESTER

'... There must be something I can do ...'



Here is a task that never ends — the care of child-victims of callousness or thoughtlessness. The trained, experienced workers of the N.S.P.C.C. devote their lives to it, always ready with the help and advice that so often restores the family life on which the child depends. And you can help too.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions — it urgently needs your assistance, in order to continue to bring happiness to those who want it most.



When making your will, please remember the

**N . S . P . C . C**

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER

Information gladly supplied on application to THE DIRECTOR,

N.S.P.C.C. VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.1. Phone: Gerrard 3774

## NEW SENSATIONAL CAR-WAX DISCOVERY!

in 20 MINUTES the  
brightest, toughest  
wax polish of all!

POSITIVELY NO RUBBING!



**GUARANTEE:** Car-Plate is a Wax—only wax gives lasting shine and protection

Thousands of motorists have proved that Car-Plate gives their cars a genuine wax finish, the brightest shine, the most lasting protection — in 20 minutes! Spread Car-Plate on a clean\* car, let dry—then wipe lightly! No rubbing with Car-Plate! Your money back if not completely satisfied. Get a tin today!

3/- from all garages and accessory dealers.

**JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE**

SPREAD... LET DRY... WIPE!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

\*The easy way to prepare the finish of your car for a Car-Plate waxing is to clean it super-clean with Johnson's Carbu.

Lubrication on your mind?



No need to blind you with science, sir. Nearly every car maker recommends Ennergol. The boss uses it in his own car. Our Ennergol customers say they get easy starting summer or winter with Ennergol, and we don't often see their cars in for repairs. Every time I'd say you should use **ENERGOL THE OILIST OIL** says the garage attendant.

Use **ENERGOL** motor oil

Recommended by Rolls-Royce and Leading Car Manufacturers  
PRICE'S LUBRICANTS LIMITED

## Pressure Proof

PLUS . . .



ERMETO pipe couplings are capable of withstanding the highest industrial pressures and are extremely simple to use. Unaffected by vibration, they can be made, broken and re-made indefinitely and are completely pressure tight under all conditions.

We are always pleased to forward copies of catalogues, price lists, etc., covering our standard ranges of pipe fittings and high-pressure valves.

**ERMETO**

Regd. Trade Mark

**SELF-SEAL  
COUPLINGS**

BRITISH ERMETO CORPORATION LTD., MAIDENHEAD, BERKS.  
Telephone: Maidenhead 2271/4



[PICH 81]

I see you drink Seagers.  
Nice bottle.  
Nice gin.  
What's the difference  
between Seagers and any  
other gin?  
I haven't the slightest idea.  
Then why drink it?  
Because I like it.  
That's not a very  
profound reason.  
It's the best I can  
do. Try it and see  
if you can think  
of a better one.

*Seagers, Evans & Co. Limited,  
The Distillery, London, E.C.1*

## FLY WITH THE MOST AIR-MINDED PEOPLE IN THE WORLD



Who are the  
world's most air-  
minded people?  
Statistics show that,  
per head of population,  
the honour goes to Australia.

That's another good reason for flying with Qantas, Australia's  
international air-line with over thirty-two years' experience—now  
serving over 50,000 miles of world routes with all-Australian crews.

Linking Australia with Indonesia, Malaya, India, Pakistan, Lebanon,  
Europe, South Africa, Philippines, Japan, Hong Kong, New Zealand,  
and over 60 airports covering the South-West Pacific.

# QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S  
INTERNATIONAL  
AIRLINE



QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD. (Inc. in Queensland)

is associated  
with B.O.A.C.  
and T.E.A.L.

Consult your travel agent—or QANTAS.  
© Fiscality (MAYFAIR 5200)—at any office of B.O.A.C.

**Fly QANTAS—there's a world of difference!**

**WILKINSON  
SWORD  
GARDEN TOOLS**

IN GAY WRAPPINGS  
FOR CHRISTMAS

W 42  
POCKET  
PRUNER  
PRICE 12/6

W 44B  
FLOWER  
GATHERER  
PRICE 15/-

W 415  
LIGHT  
GARDEN  
SHEARS  
PRICE 27/6

THE PERFECT GIFT  
FOR ALL GARDENERS  
AVAILABLE FROM ALL STOCKISTS

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD., ACTON, LONDON, W.4.

"OPERATION  
QUIET"  
with



**Remington**  
NOISELESS  
the 'HOME'  
TYPEWRITER

Correspondence . . . invitations . . . club notes . . . so many jobs of writing are neater, more quickly and easily done on the Remington Noiseless. This compact home typewriter offers you all the latest aids to better typing AND the added advantage of quiet operation. Write to-day for illustrated folder. REMINGTON RAND LTD., Dealer Wholesale Division (Dept. NP 59), 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Tel: CHAncery 8888.



Price £38.10.0

**Barling**  
LONDON 1812

**Ye Olde Wood**



The World's finest pipe. Cut from finest old matured briar, it represents the achievement of 140 years' pipe making in London.

Also available in Standard and Sandblast Series.

**B. BARLING & SONS**  
PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812

## SELL JEWELLERY

to **JAMES WALKER** - Established 1821  
Unlimited funds available for the immediate purchase of any quantity: Antique and Modern Jewellery, Old Gold, Silverware, etc.

**Specimen offers:**  
43-43.000 Diamond and other Precious Stones  
43-43.000 Gold Jewellery, etc.  
43-43.000 Gold Cigarette Cases.  
43-43.000 Coloured Pearl Beadings.  
43-43.000 Gold Alberts and Watches.

Special quotations for Collectors Coins, Silver Cups, and Trophies, Commemorative Medals, etc. Expert valuation by Fellow of The Gemmological Association. No obligation to sell. If you cannot call at one of the 73 branches send by registered post to Head Office.

(Est. 1821)

**James Walker**

815 241 HIGH ROAD, STREATHAM S.W.16  
Telephone: 5780000 3001 (10 lines)

## LAMPOR & HOLT LINE

To

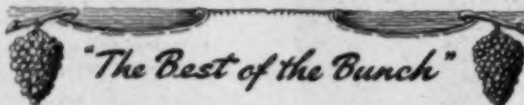
## SOUTH AMERICA

Regular Cargo and Passenger Service from  
LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, LONDON  
AND MIDDLESBROUGH TO  
BRAZIL & RIVER PLATE

also between NEW YORK, BRAZIL and RIVER PLATE and  
ANTWERP, BRAZIL and RIVER PLATE.

For particulars apply to:-

**LAMPOR & HOLT LINE LTD.**  
Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, 3 (Tel.: CENTRAL 5650); 85 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3 (Tel.: Mansion House, 7533); or Agents.



*"The Best of the Bunch"*

# MACKENZIE'S FINO PERLA SHERRY and REGAL PORT

*a  
Good Beginning  
and a  
Perfect Ending  
to any meal.*



**MACKENZIE & CO., LTD.**

20 · EASTCHEAP · LONDON · E.C.3 · JEREZ & OPORTO

## Invest with safety

AND LET YOUR MONEY EARN  
A TAX-PAID RETURN OF

**2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>%**

EQUIVALENT TO £5:4:9% ON  
AN INVESTMENT TAXED AT  
THE STANDARD RATE

Interest accrues from day of investment. No brokerage fees or charges payable on investment or withdrawal. Shares cannot fluctuate in value.

**ASSETS EXCEED £1,000,000**

For full details, write or telephone the Secretary:

**City Prudential  
Building Society**  
Established 1908

17 HOLBORN VIADUCT,  
LONDON, E.C.1. (PHONE: CITY 8323/6)

OFFICES AT BIRMINGHAM, BRADFORD, BRIGHTON  
LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER



The new  
matched range of toilet preparations  
for men. Nine products 3/- to 5/6.  
Made by Goya Men's Division.

## FIRE! WHICH COLOUR NU-SWIFT?

Red, Blue or black? Distinctive colours for different fire risks prevent costly errors. Are your extinguishers the right colours? Write, or phone Elland 2852, for free advice.

NU-SWIFT LTD. · ELLAND · YORKS  
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy



## After Dinner Speeches . .

"At the outset I want to reassure you I am not this size really. Oh dear, no! I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here..."

G. K. CHESTERTON



an

# "Embassy"

cigar speaks for itself



Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of  
The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

R.C.I.L.O.



## LEADERSHIP

George Stephenson, the pioneer of the 'Iron Road', was a man of vision. When he built the 'Rocket' he realised that an entirely new era of travel was beginning. He was a leader in rail transport.

FORD was a pioneer—in the realm of road transport. To-day Ford Leadership is due to brilliant design, precision engineering and the most up-to-date production methods, enabling Ford owners to enjoy all that is best in motoring—at lowest cost.



# Ford

MOTORING IS 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING  
THE BEST AT LOWEST COST ★★★★★

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · DAGENHAM

REVERSIONARY BONUS

AT A RATE OF **38/-** PER CENT

AND UPWARDS



ESTABLISHED 1896  
**EQUITY & LAW**  
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

80, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.2

Limitless enjoyment  
IF YOU WINTER IN  
**BERMUDA**

Thank goodness there's still a heavenly spot on this distracted globe where Britons don't have to be paupers; a coral necklace of islands where the Gulf Stream wards off winter; where there's swimming and game-fishing all the year round, and Christmas comes in with scarlet Poinsettia; where you can ride and sail and dance under the stars, and the *dolce far niente* is just about the best in the world. Are you wintering in Bermuda?



#### HOW TO GET THERE

Bermuda is 700 miles S.E. of New York, in the latitude of North Carolina. S.O.A.C. will fly you there, either direct from London, or via New York taking advantage of the low tourist fare. Or you can sail direct by Cunard, which gives you a week of comfort in the *Caronia*, sailing from Southampton December 10, or the *Britannic*, from Liverpool, January 17. Frequent other services via New York.

BERMUDA'S CURRENCY IS STERLING. There is no limit on the amount you are allowed to take there. *Cashless Isles* of Bermuda available on loan—write to Publicity Officer, Bermuda Government Information Office, Regent House, 89 Kingsway, London, W.C.2, who will also send you free illustrated booklet and information about fares and hotel charges. Or ask your Travel Agent.

WHEN IN NEW YORK on business, why not take advantage of the nearness of Bermuda and enjoy a break there on the way home?

## "A sincere compliment"

Few men are willing to give way on a matter of personal taste, but after using his wife's Waldorf Club notepaper he was very complimentary on her better judgment.

Now they both use it because with their wide circle of social and business contacts, both husband and wife know how important personal stationery is in creating the right atmosphere.

Waldorf Club's satin smooth surface makes writing a pleasure too. Obtainable in Ivory and Cobalt, in two sizes. Boxes, writing pads and envelopes.



## WALDORF CLUB

*The Noteworthy Notepaper*

NEWTON MILL, LTD., 24/25 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

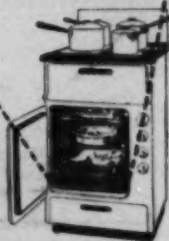
## SEE what's cooking

through the  
glass door

Yes, you really can see what's cooking now! It's **VISIBLE COOKING** that makes Belling Electric Cookers so different and so popular—just look through the full size inner glass door and see exactly what's going on inside without losing heat or spoiling the food—it's all so easy and so economical and makes cooking a real pleasure.

At only £34.12.6 (no tax) the Belling 47AB costs no more than an ordinary cooker.

Full size inner glass door—it's armour plate, steam free and exclusive to Belling. Extra large oven with automatic heat control—just set it and leave it. Three Boiling Plates and Grill, large hot cupboard for plates and food—sparkling cream or white vitreous enamel. Hire Purchase terms available. Immediate delivery from your usual Electrical Shop or Showroom. If any difficulty, please write to Belling & Co. Ltd., Enfield, Middlesex.



"Belling" **visible** cooking

# HE POSITIVELY PANDERS TO YOU



However formidable he may look the car manufacturer's Chief Designer is in truth kindness personified, for his whole life is devoted to endeavouring to please you—the prospective car buyer. How hard he tries is shown by his vigorous insistence on Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes. They're what you want—aren't they?

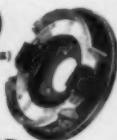
## LOCKHEED

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

hydraulic brakes

THE SAFEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LTD • LEAMINGTON SPA  
C.J.L.



★ A little  
homework  
for buyers of

## STEAM TRAPS

Q. WHO should have the most know-how on inverted bucket traps? The firm which began building traps in

☐ 1928? ☐ 1942? ☐ 1911?

A. In 1911 was patented the first practical inverted bucket trap—the Drayton-Armstrong, today the most widely distributed trap in the world, embodying every new refinement of material and manufacture.

Q. WHAT mechanism will have the longest life at 125 psi and 338°F? One designed for

Temp. Pressure Temp. Pressure  
☐ 338°F. 125 psi ☐ 600°F. 600 psi  
☐ 410°F. 250 psi ☐ 950°F. 1500 psi

A. The working parts of every Drayton-Armstrong are identical with those for 1,500 lb. pressure, 950°F. Chrome steel valve and seat (hardened, ground and lapped) and valve assembly.

Q. IS ANY trap body best suited to all installations?

A. No. Drayton-Armstrongs are available with horizontal, angle, as well as vertical connections. The various fittings and labor are shown. The trap cover carries the entire mechanism and can be removed, on the rare occasion when this may be necessary, without taking the body out of the steam line.

Q. WHAT should be the trouble-free life of a steam trap?

☐ 6 mths? ☐ 2 yrs? ☐ 10 yrs?

A. Every Drayton-Armstrong is guaranteed for 2 years against any servicing or replacement. It is unconditionally guaranteed for life in respect of workmanship and materials. Drayton-Armstrongs in their thousands are giving trouble-free service after ten years and more, in every corner of the globe.

DRAYTON REGULATOR & INSTRUMENT CO. LTD., WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX

West Drayton 2611

(D.A.S.)



Ask for 'M & D' Cream Crackers. Oven-fresh in hygienic half-pound packets with transparent tops. See what you buy!

Made by MEREDITH & DREW LTD, LONDON

CPS-78A

# Lucozade

the sparkling **GLUCOSE** drink



## TIME FOR LUCOZADE!

When your energy is flagging, and a breather in the game is called for—then is the time for Lucozade! This sparkling drink contains Glucose, nature's great energiser, in the most delicious form imaginable. It is instantly refreshing, wonderfully sustaining. Lucozade replaces your vitality *quickly* and *pleasantly*. It stimulates your appetite, gives you new zest for games. Everyone needs Lucozade—get a bottle to-day!

## INVALIDS NEED

**LUCOZADE** Energy spent in fighting illness can be quickly replaced by Lucozade, the sparkling Glucose drink. The most delicate system can assimilate it. The most finicky invalid will find it—irresistible. Give Lucozade frequently, to hasten the return to health. 2/6d. plus 3d. bottle deposit (returnable). Also in handy size at 8d. plus 2d. bottle deposit (returnable).



# Lucozade

## REPLACES LOST ENERGY

LUCOZADE LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX.

royds